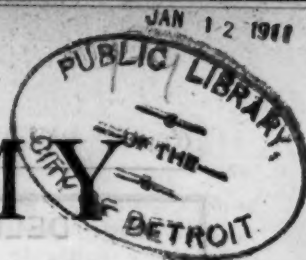


THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE



No. 2017 [Registered as a Newspaper.] DECEMBER 31, 1910 WITH SUPPLEMENT THE POSTICAL GAZETTE. PRICE THREEPENCE



CONTINUOUS TESTIMONY.

The following are extracts from letters received, covering a period of two years, from an owner of a "Sheffield-Simplex" Car:—

COBHAM :

October, 1908.

"I am extremely pleased with the appearance of the car and the running of it. Everything connected with it seems to be most satisfactory. I congratulate myself on having decided to buy one of your cars."

August, 1909.

"I am sorry I cannot manage to meet you this week and discuss the merits of the 'Sheffield-Simplex' Cars with you, but I am glad to take this opportunity of letting you know that the car I had from you is going splendidly. The engine is running most smoothly and quietly, it is quite a treat to ride behind it. No change of speed is necessary for any of the hills in this part of the world, and evidently both the work and materials used in the car are of the best. I can with the greatest confidence say that I would not exchange my 'Sheffield-Simplex' for any of the different types of car I see on the road, and, living as I do on the main Portsmouth Road, I have plenty of opportunity of comparing them."

October 10, 1910.

"It may interest you to know that the 45 H.P. 'GEAR-BOX-LESS' Car fitted with a landaulette body which I bought of you has now run about 8,000 miles and has given me the greatest satisfaction. . . . I should like to say that I had the car in Devonshire and Cornwall this summer and with only one or two exceptions it took every hill on top speed with six passengers and the heavy body, which speaks volumes for its hill-climbing capability; in fact if one has to slow down for any reason going up hill it is marvellous how the engine picks up again without changing the gear. I also think the sliding pedal control on your cars is a most distinct improvement on the ordinary pedal; it is much less tiring, more easily worked and controlled, especially over rough roads, and I am convinced that anyone having once tried it and experienced its advantages would never go back to the ordinary accelerator."

Catalogue post free on application to Dept. "L."

SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX MOTOR WORKS, LIMITED,
TINSLEY, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

London Depot: c/o MULLINERS, Ltd., 132-135, LONG ACRE, W.C.

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.****RED
WHITE
& BLUE****For Breakfast & after Dinner.**In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than
ordinary COFFEE.**SHIPPING.****CANADIAN PACIFIC****OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO AND
THROUGH CANADA . . .****TRANSATLANTIC**—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service via Vancouver.

For further particulars, apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,82-85, Charing Cross, S.W.; 87-88, King William St., LONDON, E.C.
24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.**UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE****TO
SOUTH and EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.****MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.**Via the SUEZ CANAL.
Calling at MARSEILLES and NAPLES.**PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.**
(Hamburg and Antwerp)Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to
MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON and SOUTHAMPTON.Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester
and Glasgow.**CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES****LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC**by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

Saxonia Leaves Liverpool 9 Feb., 1911.

Carpathia " 2 Mch., 1911.

Ports of Call

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBALTAR, ALGIERS,
MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA,
ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME,
PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. Co., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

THE

"EMPIRE ILLUSTRATED"**The Tariff Reform Monthly.**

40 pages,

Profusely Illustrated.

Interesting to every Unionist and Imperialist
and convincing to Liberals and Little Englanders.

Price 3d.

P & O Passenger Services.**EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA,
JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA,** and all Eastern Ports
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure CruisesThroughout
the Year,
according
to Season.**AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE,
NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.**

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Wertheim Road, Avenue, W.C., LONDON.**P & O Round the World Tours****R.M.S.P. THE ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET COMPANY.**
(Royal Charter dated 1830.)

Fortnightly Sailings from Southampton to—

ARGENTINA & BRAZIL
via SPAIN, PORTUGAL & MADEIRA.**WEST INDIES, CENTRAL
AMERICA, NEW YORK.**
Via The Azores.From LONDON to—
**MOROCCO, CANARY
ISLANDS & MADEIRA,****EGYPT, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA & JAPAN.**
(By Shire Line.)

For further particulars apply to

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
18, Moorgate Street, E.C., & 32, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Review of the Week	635	Reviews—Cont.	
At the Year's End	636	Christian Socialism	645
Second Chamber Proposals	636	Shorter Reviews	646
New Year, 1905	637	Fiction	648
Ronsard and the Poets of the <i>Pléiade</i> —II.	639	"Who's Who" for 1911	650
Talks with Froude	640	The Theatre	650
Reviews:—		Music	651
The Philosophical Poli- tician	642	The Coronation of the King-Emperor in India	652
Isles of the Pacific	643	The Post Office in Early Times	653
Our Banking System	643	The Dutch Contest with the Sea	655
A Glimpse at Empire Building	644	In the Temple of Mammon	657
Younghusband's India and Tibet	645	Correspondence	658
		POETICAL GAZETTE	

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by Messrs. ODHAMS, Limited, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.

Applications referring to advertisements may be addressed to Messrs. ODHAMS, as above.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's, Messrs. Wyman's and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

ONE of the most notable features of the year that completes its course to-day has been the tendency of huge communities of labour, in several parts of the country, to revolt. For this tendency, and its concomitant miseries of strikes and hunger, and even active outbreaks into dangerous hostility, the insidious advance of Socialistic ideas must be held largely responsible. In the South Wales colliery strike the behaviour of the men was unreasonable; their bitterness was carried to the verge of frenzy. In the ordinary way, during a dispute which culminates in the stoppage of work at a colliery, the custom prevails that such duties as shall be necessary to preserve the pit and its machinery in a condition of order, so that work may be resumed at the earliest moment after settlement, are performed without interference or question; but in this instance rioting and looting reached their climax in the refusal of the men to feed the horses and to allow the pumping-engines to continue their task. At one time thirty-five thousand men were in revolution, and the scenes of wild uproar, which led to the entraining of many London police and the military for purposes of repression, are fresh in our minds. In the shipbuilding industry on the North-East Coast an amicable arrangement has been arrived at after considerable trouble; from early in September until the middle of the present month there existed a serious *impasse*, in spite of immediate negotiations between the disputants.

Both of these sorry affairs—which are but the most vivid out of many similar occurrences—had their origin, says the *Standard*, "in breaches by the workmen of agreements which had been made with the employers as a result of ballot votes. These disputes have involved protracted stoppages, with serious disturbance of trade in the affected and allied industries, heavy losses in wages, with consequent suffering and privation to the workmen and their families." A species of mental blindness possesses the man who becomes inoculated with the virus

of Socialism; he cannot see that his strikes, his kicking at the traces, his clamours against authority, involve far more than that personal liberty of action which is so misused when it is temporarily obtained; they involve distress to those who are presumably dear to him, and, by effects of example, fire others who hitherto were happy and contented into disastrous emulation of his outbursts. The spirit of discontent is abroad in the land, and unfortunately the statesmen who are at present in office seem helpless to deal with it; seem, in some cases, to encourage it by their attempts at ordering the country's laws.

This lack of judgment in our leaders, and of sane appreciation of possibilities, is shown in another way by their failure to work in a commonsense manner in union with the huge Friendly Societies which form such a feature of life with the English proletariat. Instead of aiming at a harmonious and beneficial federation with the provident organisations which have been brought into existence and supported by the thrift of the people themselves, an independent scheme was constructed which at vast expense and trouble, under the name of "Old Age Pensions," can only tend to loss of independence and, in the long run, pauperisation. Its effect, and that of the Government proposals for a system of State insurance against sickness, has been a disturbing influence both within the circle of these Friendly Societies and with the outside public. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, by his actions, seems to contradict his words: "I have so much appreciation of the work of the societies," he said recently to a deputation from the Manchester Union of Oddfellows, "that my theory is that we ought to work through them, as they are by far and away the best agencies for the purpose." Exactly; but why was not this thought of before? And, with the urgent Constitutional questions which are bound to be raised and considered carefully in the new Parliament, it is quite possible that the interviews with deputations which are so consolatory when set upon paper will be merely passed into oblivion, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to have his own ideas as to the unlimited amounts which may be raised by taxation.

The huge resources at the disposal of these societies are perhaps hardly realised. The Manchester fraternity, already mentioned, has a membership of over a million, and a capital of fifteen millions sterling, with an annual income of over £2,000,000; its foresight and management in the provision of relief are admirable. The Ancient Order of Foresters, with a roll of 874,000, has a capital of £9,375,000; other societies vary in extent from sixty thousand to two hundred thousand members. By the prevailing uncertainty as to what the grandmotherly Government will do in the way of New Year's gifts, any considerable access of fresh members has been for the time arrested, quite naturally, since persons who would otherwise make some effort to provide for themselves will be well content to accept largess from the pockets of others. Thus is the virtue of thrift distinctly discouraged, and an echo of the beggar's whine creeps into the thanks of those who might otherwise stand straightly and proudly when the assistance, creditably provided by their own savings, was allotted to them in time of special need.

Anything resembling a comprehensive review of the year is impossible in these columns, but there is one science—that of aviation—which demands a brief notice. As the *Observer* well expresses it, aircraft has been notable both on account of "the astonishing advance that has been

made and the heavy price paid for it." M. Paulhan and Mr. Grahame-White, once such keen rivals, have distinguished themselves separately and always amicably; Mr. Moissant flew across the Channel carrying a passenger, and the Clement-Bayard airship sailed—at last!—from Paris to London. The price of skill in a new sphere is always heavy. The sad death of Mr. C. S. Rolls removed one who might have done wonders; M. Chavez accomplished the brilliant feat of crossing the Alps only to meet death at the moment of success, and now at the very close of the year Mr. Cecil Grace has vanished in a sea-fog, and hopes that he may yet be alive are very weak indeed. No tributes to bravery are more worthily earned than those given to the intrepid adventurers of the air, and there is perhaps one consoling thought which may mitigate in some slight degree the sense of loss: by such experiments and adventures future security can alone be attained.

The journals of southern Russia all express surprise, according to the correspondent of the *Standard*, that the London police, "admittedly the finest corps of public guardians in any metropolis in the world," are permitted to face unarmed the attacks of such desperadoes as the Houndsditch murderers. British hospitality, despite the Aliens Act, seems to extend itself to the worst members of foreign criminal classes, and the discovery of a veritable bomb factory in Stepney might well make the police authorities ponder seriously this question. It would be anything but wise, we think, to supply firearms indiscriminately to the force; comparatively few men have their nerves sufficiently under control at a critical moment to be trusted with a loaded revolver; besides, anywhere outside the East End such weapons would be superfluous. But when, as on the day of the Houndsditch affair, the police are definitely called to encounter men whom they might know are desperate characters, the need for muscle and truncheon to be supported by some swifter and surer method of defence is imperative. A handy revolver-shot in Cutler Street on that occasion would have saved valuable and gallant lives, and would also have been of use as a timely and legitimate intimidation of other criminals of the district.

The merry evenings of the Christmas holiday are past, and that they should be merry is right and proper to the spirit of the season; but even the merriest of gatherings must have felt a thrill of sympathy for those whose Christmas has been so cruelly marred by accident and death. At any period of the year such disasters as the Pretoria pit explosion, whereby over three hundred men lost their lives, and the fearful collision on the Midland Railway in the dark and loneliness of a moorland night, are sufficiently appalling; coming just when they did, their sadness was doubled. In such afflictions words are of little use, and actual help is possible only to the few who are near; we can but sorrow exceedingly with those who suffer, and lament the failure of man's highest skill to avert the blows of a blind fate. To repeat the platitude that accidents will happen is cold comfort for hearts that must be near to breaking. The utmost vigilance of expert men, the utmost perfection in machinery—we are assured of these; yet the moment comes when all precautions are rendered as nothing and all watchfulness is frustrated. Lessons are learned, doubtless, from such calamities; let us hope that from the events of this sorrowful Christmas some fresh security may be attained that in future years may tend to preserve the rightful gaiety of the season unspoiled.

AT THE YEAR'S END

Long ere I heard in the sun-bathed valley
Joy of the summer by feathered songsters sung,
Long ere the woods in each cloistered alley
Wreath upon wreath of their gala greenness hung,
Deep in my heart to the old world's rally
My harp was ready strung.

Long ere mine eyes on thyself had rested,
Real, breathing woman, in sentient flesh enshrined,
Long ere mine ears had their own truth tested,
Craving the sweet proof thy frequent voice assigned,
Deep in my heart, by my day-dreams vested,
I held thee well defined.

Ah! but when Summer in full-choired splendour
Chorussed her rapture the dew-sprunt dingles through,
How could my harp with its thin chords render
Tithe of the feelings my transcéd spirit knew?
So now I scorn that in dreams so slender
I could know aught of You!

P. J. F.

SECOND CHAMBER PROPOSALS

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was supposed to be resting, after fulfilling his numerous engagements as the Devil's advocate of his party at the Election, has resumed the rôle which he so admirably fulfils. His nominal chief and his restive satrap have been endeavouring in modulated tones to sing the triumph of their cause. Moderation and compromise have been their constant refrain. All to no purpose. Their turgid colleague has been interviewing all and sundry foreign newspaper men, and proclaiming as with the authority of a united Cabinet the policy of his party on the great controversies of the moment.

In reply to the question "Are you really going to finish with the Lords now?" the pinchbeck Cromwell answered "I have said it, and repeated it, at many meetings—The Lords' Veto must and shall be abolished. I give you my word for it."

We turn to the preamble of the Parliament Bill, and there we find these words, "Whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution cannot immediately be brought into operation." Why, may we ask, should not that task, which, according to Government orators, is essential to the realisation of all Liberal ideals, be the first business to be proceeded with? We think we can answer the question. A young and vigorous Second Chamber would decline to pay the notes of hand to which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill have put their own names, and obtained the names of their colleagues. This circumstance, which has gradually emerged into the light of day, lays bare the *modus operandi*. Consider the words we have quoted above from the Parliament Bill. "But such substitution [for the House of Lords] cannot immediately be brought into operation." Again we ask why not? Intricacy of a subject has not caused pause to the two last Liberal Administrations. They were prepared three times in succession to fling upon the table legislation at short notice upon the most delicate and controversial subject with which Parliament can be called upon to deal—Education. No punctilio, no sense of responsibility deterred them from producing with despatch legislation upon that subject. Why, then, does the Liberal polyglot voice

refrain from a clear pronouncement on the matter of the Second Chamber, which they proclaim as being indispensable to smooth their political path? The fact is the mercenaries will not consent to face the risks. A newly-formed and powerful Second Chamber would be as the death-knell of Home Rule and Red Revolution.

The refuge is the Parliament Bill, which should be intitled "An Act to reduce the House of Lords to a nullity, and to establish (temporarily) Single Chamber Government." It will be time enough when reckless liabilities have been cleared off to bother about the composition of a Second Chamber, which will be a real nuisance and drag.

We take in hand the precious Parliament Bill. It contains no single provision honestly and courageously put forward which by improving the composition of the House of Lords might conduce in a legitimate manner to correct the evils of which the Liberal party complain. We make no reference to their allies, because the Home Rulers ostentatiously declare that they have no interest in our legislative system, and the only interest of the Socialists is that all barriers to revolution shall be swept away.

The Bill provides that money Bills shall be passed without amendment by the Lords within a month from the date of presentation, and if not so passed shall become law on the Royal Assent being signified. Who is to be authority to decide what is and what is not a money Bill? The highest judicial Court of the realm? No, the Speaker of the House of Commons, whose decision shall be conclusive in all cases, and shall not be questioned in any Court of Law. The Speaker of the House of Commons is a party man. Within the limits of the duties which have at present been assigned to him, his conduct has been above reproach, but the position of autocracy which it is now proposed to confer on him might easily lead to the selection of a very different type of man for the position. In any case, a claim to infallibility cannot in these days be admitted. As regards Bills other than money Bills, the veto of the House of Lords would be suspensory during three successive sessions, whether a General Election intervened or not, with various restrictions on the power of amendment by the Lords.

Passing over the few other provisions of the Bill, it may be described as doing nothing to amend the composition of a body which is condemned by the Liberal Party, but merely as an instrument to mutilate and nullify its powers of usefulness.

How different has been the action of the Peers themselves. They have had the question of reform—successfully urged by Lords Rosebery, Dunraven, Salisbury, and Newton—under consideration for a quarter of a century, which, as the House of Lords has been in existence for six centuries, is not a very long period in which to assimilate ideas of reform. Lord Rosebery has explained that the vice of the House of Lords as a Second Chamber is not that it has too much power, but that by comparison with the Senates of the United States and Second Chambers of some self-governing colonies, it has too little power. "The choice before us is this—you can choose from two options. One is the preservation of the present House exactly as it is with greatly diminished and, indeed, vanishing power; the other is the reconstitution of the House with the maintenance of legislative rights."

The House of Lords by its vote on March 14 of the present year adopted the purport of these words and declared its readiness to adopt reconstruction.

The Liberal party—the whilom party of reform—enters a dilatory plea. It has not the time at its disposal to enter on a constructive task to readjust the relations of the two

Houses; it prefers to interpose a suspicious interval during which it can act practically unfettered. Let reform come when it must, is the Liberal cry, provided it does not come during our term of office, to disallow our engagements and baulk our projects.

NEW YEAR, 1905

IN last week's issue of *THE ACADEMY* I described how some of us passed Christmas Day, 1904, before Port Arthur, and in this article I propose to write of what happened a week later on New Year's Day, 1905, an epoch-making date in the history of Japan, for on that day General Stoessel formally opened the negotiations which led up to the surrender of the Russian stronghold in the Far East. But in order to understand the causes which led to the sudden and unexpected surrender of Port Arthur I must outline very briefly the military operations on December 28 and December 31, which led up to the capture of forts Nirusan and Shojusan. Punctually at 10 a.m. on December 28, in accordance with the promise made by Major Yamaoka at a luncheon given to the Foreign Military Attachés on Christmas Day, the mines under Fort Nirusan were exploded. When the smoke rolled away it looked as if a great V-shaped slice had been cut out of the escarpment. Through this breach the Japanese immediately assaulted and obtained possession of the banquettes almost without opposition, for the 250 Russians holding it were all killed by the explosion. Inside the fort, however, was a second line of defence, where the big guns were mounted, and this the Russians held until General Oshima, at 4 p.m., let loose the 36th and 19th Regiments on them. Charging side by side in friendly rivalry, this mass of soldiers, to the number of nearly 2,000, swept everything before them, and, heedless of losses, tumbled over one another in their frantic endeavours to be first in possession of the line of heavy guns. The Russians, unable to withstand this onslaught, retired to the concrete barrack and kitchen at the back of the fort, where the survivors held out until 3 a.m., when almost all were bayonnetted.

On the evening of December 31 we received the usual warning from headquarters to be in readiness to watch the blowing up of Fort Shojusan at ten o'clock the following morning. The Japanese engineers, profiting by the experience gained at North Keikwansan and Nirusan, determined to make a very complete job of Shojusan. To this end they placed one mine under the escarpment of the doomed fort, and then tunnelled their way right underneath it until they had placed a second mine under the concrete barrack at the back, where the Russian infantry were in the habit of finding shelter from the relentless shell-fire of the besiegers. The Russians for their part, anticipating an explosion and not wishing to share the fate of their comrades who perished on the banquettes of Nirusan, remained in the barrack on the morning of December 31, and immediately after the explosion of the first mine under the escarpment rushed forward to defend the breach thus made. But at that moment the Japanese engineers exploded their second mine right under the barrack, with the result that almost the entire garrison of 550 men perished, and by 11 a.m. the Japanese infantry were in complete possession of the fort. Immediately Shojusan was taken the Russians concentrated the fire of every available gun on it, the Japanese artillery replying, and throughout the day this artillery duel, almost the last of the siege, continued with unabated fury.

The capture of forts Keikwansan, Nirusan, and Shojusan within the space of two weeks aroused the enthusiasm of the Japanese Army to a high pitch. At length, after

months of disappointment, they had achieved a definite success, and the camps round Port Arthur re-echoed with the shouts of Banzai, and saki flowed freely down the soldiers' throats. The air was full of rumours. Some said that on the following day a simultaneous effort would be made to capture all the remaining positions along the Eastern section of the line from Bodai to the Covering Fort of Shojusan. Yet no one thought the fall of the fortress imminent. At headquarters I was told that even if the Russians abandoned the Eastern line of defence it would only be to retire to the interior line, which was known to exist behind. The most optimistic of the Japanese officers anticipated that the siege would last at least another four weeks, and many believed that six weeks or two months must elapse before the end came. But the actual time mattered not. The intoxication of victory was in the air, and all felt that the worst was over. Later on in the evening I learnt on good authority that, as the attack on Shojusan had been so successful, a general advance would be made that night under cover of darkness against the remaining positions held by the Russians along the eastern section of the line. Throughout the evening the Japanese artillery continued their bombardment, and then, when darkness fell, the infantry crept from their trenches all along the line and commenced to climb the hills. But of this movement I saw nothing on account of the darkness.

At dawn on New Year's Day I hastened down to the headquarters of the 9th Division, and found that a change had come over the scene, startling in its suddenness. The entire Russian line from Shojusan to the neck of Bodai was swarming with black-coated Japanese soldiers, and for some time it was hardly possible to believe that the Japanese were really at last in possession of that grim line of hills. During the night the Russians had abandoned their positions almost without firing a shot after blowing up their works and rendering the guns useless. Only one point remained in their possession, and this was the peak of Bodai, with the muzzles of its two great guns still peeping defiantly from their rocky resting-place 626ft. above the plain. The Russians seemed loth to part with this cherished possession, the highest and most precipitous point along the whole line, without a fight befitting its importance.

Throughout the morning and the early part of the afternoon what was destined to be the last great artillery duel between the combatants was kept up with the greatest fury. The Russian gunners knew that the hour glass was running out, for they used the ammunition of their big guns in a more reckless manner than they had ever done before. Their fire was concentrated on the captured line of forts, and the object of the gunners was to drop their shells on the reverse slope of the hills, where the Japanese infantry was massed in thousands waiting to assault the peak of Bodai. But no amount of shell-fire could rob the Mikado's soldiers of their chief joy in life, which is to satisfy their innate curiosity by examining something new. The men in little groups swarmed over the forts held by the enemy six hours previously. They examined the guns; they crept into the bomb-proof shelters; they routed out the property left by the Russians, and laughingly commented on the domestic characteristics of their opponents. About mid-day the artillery fire from the forts became so furious that many received their first inkling that the fortress was about to fall, because it seemed as if the Russians were using up their superfluous ammunition. At three o'clock in the afternoon the Japanese guns began such a severe final bombardment of the peak of Bodai that even the oldest soldiers stared at one another in astonish-

ment. The 10-inch field Howitzers fired in salvos, and, the shells reaching the peak at identically the same moment, caused such an upheaval that masses of rock were loosened and rolled down the hill-side.

The final assault on Bodai was carried out at the discretion of the officer in command of the troops on the mountain, for General Oshima had left the bomb-proof shelter from which he had watched the engagement, and returned to his quarters. Lieutenant Hori, his aide-de-camp, informed me that Oshima had given out that no attack would be made before the evening. It was therefore with some surprise that we saw the troops fall in, and at 3.35 begin to advance. The leading company spread out in an irregular line, without any particular formation, every man apparently anxious to be the first to stand on the peak. Up they climbed, the last few yards with the assistance of hands and knees, for the rocks were steep and jagged by the bursting of innumerable shells. The leading men were only a few yards from the crest when the Japanese artillery fired their last round. For a moment the soldiers appeared on the sky-line; then they were over the top and lost to view. Hori seized a pencil and hastily wrote a note to inform his general of this "crowning mercy," the capture of dread Bodai of unhappy memory. The message was despatched down-hill by an orderly, and we once more looked at the peak. There was a change, for the Japanese infantry were retiring down the steep side of the mountain, and leaving many fallen men to mark the line of its descent. "It is not taken yet, then!" was the grieved remark of the aide-de-camp who had just sent the glad tidings to his general. Not yet; but the end was shortly to come. The Russian had his trump card to play, and he was determined to play it before the enemy should claim the game.

The few Russian soldiers who had retired just beneath the reverse slope when the peak of Bodai was rendered untenable by the concentrated artillery fire, rushed once again to the summit as the leading Japanese infantry appeared over the crest, and for a moment succeeded in driving them back. A Russian poured oil over the wood-work forming the top of the bomb-proof shelters and the stand for the two great, long-barrelled, 6-inch guns, which in August were smashed and rendered useless. He then applied a match, and the Russians bolted for their lives down the slope towards the town. The Japanese, temporarily checked, once more advanced to the crest just as the flames were bursting out—unfortunately for many just a few moments too soon. Without any warning the top of the mountain seemed to rise in the air and then spread out like a black pall, hiding the crest and half of the slopes from view for several minutes. It was a perfect representation of a miniature volcanic eruption. The Russians had fired their mine, the bolt of Bodai was shot, and exactly fifteen minutes before four on New Year's afternoon the mountain which had caused so much loss to the besiegers and had proved such a giant in the defence, passed into the hands of the Japanese, with this final protest against the change. It was a fitting climax to the desperate contest which had been waged on its slope and on the hills around during the past six months.

It was then the turn of the Russians to bombard Bodai, and this they did with the utmost vigour. The Japanese were forced to evacuate the crest, and to retire a short distance down the slope for shelter. Throughout the remainder of the afternoon, and in the gathering twilight, the bombardment never ceased. Shells were passing one another in the air with a frequency not seen for months. The Russian gunner was exhausting his spare ammunition in a manner that must have delighted his heart. It

did not matter what he aimed at, it did not matter if he hit anything, and it did not matter if his shells went to places where no enemy could possibly have existed. All the Russian gunner desired was to go through the mechanical operation, to load and to fire.

While the final attack on Bodai was in progress, and the artillery duel still continued, the undercurrent of peace was making itself felt a few miles to the west. At 4.30 on the afternoon of New Year's Day a Russian officer, accompanied by an orderly bearing a flag of truce, reached the Japanese lines to the south of the village of Suishien. He carried a letter from General Stoessel addressed to General Nogi. The letter was handed over to the Japanese, and reached General Nogi's quarters the same evening, and was as follows:—

"Port Arthur (undated).

"General Baron Nogi.

"Sir,—Taking into consideration the state of affairs at the seat of war in general, I find the future resistance of Port Arthur useless, and with a view of saving fruitless loss of life I would like to negotiate about the capitulation. I beg you to appoint a delegate for the purpose of discussing about the conditions of the capitulation, and to choose a place where my delegate may meet with him. I avail myself of this opportunity to express my sentiments of esteem.

"Stoessel, General."

The Great Siege was at an end. Thus passed the eventful New Year's Day of 1905.

E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

RONSARD AND THE POETS OF THE PLEIADE—II.

RONSARD preaches a pagan doctrine: let me live to the full my life; let me delight in the beauty which surrounds me, and take no heed for the morrow. Let us look, for example, at this lovely sonnet:—

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, a la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, déridant et filant,
Direz chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle.

"Lors vous n'aurez servante ogant telle nouvelle,
Desja sais le labeur à demy sommeillant,
Qui au bruit de mon nom ne s'aïlle ses veillant,
Beussant vostre nom de louange immortelle.

"Je seraz sous la terre, et, fautis me sans os,
Par les ombres myrteux je prendraz mon repos:
Vaisserez au foyer une vieille accroupie,

"Regrettant mon amour et vostre fier desdain.
Vivez, si m'en croyez, m'attendez à demain:
Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie."

An air of exquisite melancholy pervades this, but no single Christian sentiment finds expression; merely words of bitter reproach for the hard-hearted fair one who rejected his love. In his ode to the "Forest of Gustine" he becomes a pure pagan:—

"Couché sous tes ombrages vers,
Gustine, je te chante
Autant que les Grecs par leurs vers
La forest d'Erymanthe.
Car malin, cela je ne puis
A la race future
De combien obligé je suis
A là belle verdure:
Toi, qui sous l'abry de tes bois
Ravey d'esprit m'amuses:
Toi, qui fais qu'à toutes les fois
Me respondent les muses:
Toi, par qui de ce mechant soin
Tout franc je me delivre,
Lorsqu'en toy je me pas bien loin,
Parlant avec un livre.
Tes bocages soient toujours pleins
D'amoureuses brigades

De Satyres et de Sylvains,
La crainte les Naiades
En toi habité désormais
Des muses le college
Et ton bois ne seule jamais
La flame sacrilege."

We seem to see nymphs flitting through the groves of the forest. Surely this spring, which wells in silvery freshness from yonder mossy bank, is some fair one metamorphosed to save her from the embrace of an amorous satyr. And further in the depths of the forest, where the thick foliage shuts out the light of day, one almost seems to hear the growl of the erymanthian wild boar that only Hercules could slay, or the music of Atalanta's hounds urged on by their white-limbed mistress to the chase. Here is no vision of a French forest, but rather a French forest inspired with classic beauty. Since Ronsard seeks all his inspiration from the classics, and is impregnated with the classical sense of beauty alone, his works are essentially superficial. He grasps and describes the outward details of beauty, but goes no further. There is no philosophy in his poems, save the epicurean vein already alluded to; no probing of the human sentiments; his poetry is rather a mild revel, and we expect to see Bacchus and all his wine-loving troop assisting at the singing of his songs. Ronsard was ambitious, and aspired to be the Homer of his country, and with this end in view began his great epic poem, the "Franciade." This work has perhaps not met with as much approval as in reality it merits. In it the poet undoubtedly committed some grave errors of taste, and the subject; the origin of the Francs, was badly chosen, but nevertheless abounds in fine passages.

It is hard for us, living in an age so far removed from that of Ronsard, to realise the fame that he enjoyed at the height of his career, or to understand the shortness of its duration. He has been called the poet of princes, and not without reason, for among his protectors he counted Henri II., Marie Stewart, and Charles IX. On the death of the last-named his star began to pale, and at the end of his life he was neglected and almost forgotten. And the reason for this, as already pointed out, was the artificial nature of his inspiration, and the narrow circle of refined courtiers to which his work made appeal. As far as form is concerned his poetry is beautiful. Who can read this sonnet without being deeply moved by the picture of nature?—

Marie, levez vous, vous estes paresseuse,
Ja la gaye alouette au ciel a fredonné,
Et ja le rossignol doucement pergonné,
Dessus l'espine assis, sa complainte amoureuse.

Sus de bout, allons voir l'herbelette perleuse,
Et votre beau rosier de boutons couronné,
Et vos oeillets mignons ausquels airez donné
Hier au soir de l'eau d'une main soigneuse.

Hansoir er vous couchant vous jurastes vos yeux
D'estre plus tot que moy ce matin esveillie;
Mais le dormir de l'aube, aux filles gracieux.

Vous tient d'un doux pommeil encor les yeux siltre,
Ca ca que je les baise et vostre beau tetin
Cent fois pour vous apprendre à vous lever matin.

We seem to see the poet walking in some lovely garden, bathed in the morning sun, the silver dew still glistening in the petals of the crimson roses, and the green leaves of the trees gently stirred by the cool morning wind. The two lines:—

"Et vos oeillets mignons ausquels avez donné
Hier au soir de l'eau d'une main si soigneuse"—

so simple in themselves, are yet so wonderful in the feelings they produce. They seem to evolve the picture of the poet and the fair Marie, as they wandered together in that self-same garden the evening before, when the

setting sun cast its crimson glory on the clouds, and the shadows grew long, and the flowers gently sank to rest; when the song of the birds grew fainter as they nervously fluttered to their resting perch, and the drone of the bees struck with restful note on the ears. As the soft mystery of night invaded the garden, the poet had parted from Marie, her promise that together they should drink in the exhilarating wine of the morning still ringing in his ears. It is disappointing to think, and hard to believe, that these lovely sonnets are in reality artificial, and that the sentiment they express is purely artistic and impersonal. The history of Ronsard's life, however, and an analysis of his poems, must lead us to this conclusion. It, of course, leads up to the question as to how far all art is impersonal, which cannot, of course, be discussed here.

Far other was it with Du Bellay (1524-60) the author of the already mentioned war cry of the *Pléiade*, "*La défense et illustration de la langue française*." He began by drawing his inspiration from the sources of antiquity, but wandered ever farther and farther from the theories of his early gems. His later works are rich in the expression of purely personal emotion. In this respect Du Bellay appears as a premature "*Romantique*," premature by three centuries, indeed, but nevertheless bearing relationship through the prominence of the "*Great Ego*" in his works. His earliest poems are his Odes and "*L'Olive*." At the age of twenty-four he went to Rome as secretary to his relation, the Cardinal Dubellay, Ambassador at the Papal Court. It is in these surroundings that he wrote his "*Antiquités de Rome*," and his "*Regrets*." The ruins of ancient Rome seem to have inspired him with little of their poetry, as his mind tended to turn inward to self-analysis. His "*Antiquité*" is filled with bitter complaints of Rome's departed grandeur and of the corruption of the Pontificate. The "*Regrets*" are in part a work of satire directed against the prevailing corruption in Rome, but personal emotions form the foundations of the poems, which are written as his fantasy directs. Space will not permit of long quotations, but we cannot refrain from quoting this exquisite sonnet:—

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme cestuy là qui conquiert la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge!
Quand revoiray-je, hélas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée: et en quelle saison
Revoiray-je le clos de ma pauvre maison.
Qui m'est une province et beaucoup d'avantage?
Plus me plaist le séjour qu'ont basti mes ayeux,
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux:
Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine,
Plus mon Loyre Gaulois, que le Tybre Latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré, que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur Angevine.

This poem combines all the freshness of classical Greece with deep personal feeling. Perhaps Du Bellay's masterpiece is the poem written towards the end of his life, and entitled "*D'un Vanneur de Blé aux Vents*":—

A vous troppe legere,
Qui d'aile passagere
Par le monde volez,
Et d'un siffiant murmure
L'ombrageuse verdure
Doucelement esbranlez.
J'offre ces violettes
Ces lis et ces fleurettes
Et ces roses ici,
Ces vermeillettes roses,
Tout freschement écloses
Et ces oeillets aussi.

De vostre douce haleine
Eventez ceste plaine
Eventez ce séjour:
Ce pendant que j'ahanne
A mon blé, que je vanne
A la chaleur du jour.

The facility and freshness of diction in this poem are unrivalled, and it will ever remain one of the beauties of French literature. The harmony of tones makes of the poem a true song; we almost hear the wind rustling through the golden corn of fertile France, and the chant of the thresher as he bends to his task. We can only briefly mention by name the other poets of the *Pléiade*: Antoine de Baif, Remi Belleu, Du Bartas. Towards the end of the century the poetry of the *Pléiade*, in the hands of unworthy successors, departed far from the original theories, and finally fell into a condition of palpable decadence. It was inevitable that the exotic flower should fade, and the biting blast of François de Malherbe's somewhat unjust criticism hastened its death. Malherbe was the great reformer of French poetry, at the turning-point of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A reformer was needed, for the excessive facility and utter lack of rules in poetry had led to visible degeneration. The seventeenth century has never treated the *Pléiade* with fairness. Their works were relegated to an undeserved obscurity, by a century which itself drew its inspiration from the sources they had used, and which strove to enrich the language by much the same process. It remained for the "*Romantiques*" and Sainte-Beuve, the great critic, to revive these faded and forgotten flowers with the sunshine of sympathy and understanding. S. A.-B.

Munich.

TALKS WITH FROUDE

Reported by Frank Harris.

A man, nearly six feet in height, with slight, spare figure, and clean-shaven, attractive face—attractive mainly through large, quick, hazel eyes. The whole countenance is good; a broad and rather high forehead, a shapely nose, suasive lips, and clearly marked large chin—altogether a sympathetic scholarly appearance, though showing age everywhere (I am speaking of 1882), age and a certain patience not devoid of courage. The brown hair is already very thin, and is retreating everywhere from the brow: it is quite grey at the sides; about the eyes, which are still young and cheerful, if not gay, are innumerable lines. And when he speaks his voice is pleasant, a clear tenor, with many inflections in it. I am continually remarking that men who write well have agreeable voices—the voice being a sort of index to sense of rhythm and style.

As an introduction I had a letter from Carlyle. Froude met me therefore with much friendliness, and soon confessed to me that he would rather have been Odysseus than any other hero of poetry or romance; "the super-subtle Greek knew men and cities," he said, with a charming boyish smile, "was brave in war and wise in counsel; as typical a Greek, moreover, as Robinson Crusoe was a typical Englishman."

This was the beginning of a long acquaintance—I would say friendship were it not that for some reason or other, perhaps difference of age or lack of vital sympathy, I never became intimate with Froude. The chance came to me, but I could not avail myself of it. His "*Life of Carlyle*" caused an extraordinary sensation. He was raved against in a hundred papers; it was openly stated that he had shown indecent haste in the publication, had sacrificed the memory of his friend and benefactor to catch

pence. I happened to call on him one day when the storm was at its height. He wanted my opinion on the matter, was childishly eager that I should approve his action. I told him that the excitement seemed puerile to me; the question was not about the time or manner of publication, but simply whether the "Life" was well done, a monumental building or not?

At first he would not accept this view, and talked nonsense about "accusations injurious to his honour," and grew red and hot over his whipped vanity; gradually he talked himself cool, and at length agreed that the future would indeed care nothing whether the book had appeared in 1881 or 1885. He sought to persuade me that to tell the whole truth was the only way to do honour to his friend, the only way also to write a great "Life." But this I would not have at any cost, and perhaps my reply was crudely true rather than complimentary.

"You've shot the bricks out, all of them I don't doubt, since you made a point of it; but there's no building there, no attempt at one, so far as I can see; no monument and lifelike presentment, no temple nor shrine." It was tactless, needlessly rude; but I was very young and my passionate devotion to Carlyle had been grievously wounded by Froude's determination to depict him as a "peasant of genius . . . not quite a gentleman," and so on, as if the gentleman had to teach and not to learn from that heroic soul.

It speaks well for Froude that our relations remained friendly. Twice or three times a year we used to meet and have a talk. On one occasion the question of style came up, and this Froude handled with authority. Carlyle, he said, had often complained that it took him ten years of incessant labour to learn to write. His life of Schiller was mere "copybook" stuff; but in "Sartor" he had at length found himself by writing just as he talked and thought. "In my own case," said Froude, "I had no such difficulty. I was reading an essay the other day which I wrote at seventeen, and I found nothing to alter in it. I don't say this by way of self-praise; it is merely a fact."

He did not seem to see at all that it might take longer to learn to wield Excalibur than a small-sword, nor did I think it necessary to risk friendship for the obvious.

Froude's mental limitations even in his own field were narrow; he professed to see no talent, much less genius, in Emerson; he was exceedingly proud of the fact that he had praised Cæsar and written a life of him before Mommsen.

Froude's "inaccuracies," which were so harped upon by Freeman, arose chiefly, I think, from his habit of trusting a naturally good memory. I had one rather pointed example of how inaccurate he could be unintentionally. Just before that voyage round the world, a record of which he gave us in "Oceana," I called on him and told him I wanted to interview him about South Africa. It had always interested me, and I had a high opinion of the Boers, thought them, indeed, even finer men than the French Canadians, and believed that they would make the best of citizens if left a good deal alone. Froude quite agreed with me, and gave his opinion with complete frankness. He was unnecessarily harsh, I thought, about the Englishmen in South Africa. He spoke of them as "bar-loafers and speculators." At bottom Froude was an ordinary English gentleman, with unconscious profound prejudices in favour of the landed gentry, whom he regarded as the salt of the earth, and whose sons he would have had compulsorily educated to take at least second-class honours at Oxford. He was more in sympathy with the incredible stolid conservatism of the Boers than with the drinking and gambling of the

Colonial Englishmen. He opened himself freely to me on all such matters, and I reproduced his words like a phonograph. Before leaving I asked him for a photograph for reproduction in the illustrated paper. He gave me one.

In due time the article appeared, and made an extraordinary sensation. It was telegraphed out to South Africa verbatim, and when Froude arrived at Cape Town he found that he had stirred up a hornet's nest. He was threatened by the Colonial Englishmen with personal violence if he landed; in fact, he did not dare to set foot on shore. When he returned and wrote "Oceana" he stated that the interview appeared through the indiscretion of a friend. I called upon him immediately, and he received me with laughing amiability, though he evidently felt that I had done wrong in publishing the interview. After a short discussion, in which he held to his opinion, I reminded him of the photograph, and that I had asked for it, stating that I wanted it for the *Pictorial World*. He then remembered the whole circumstance, and beat his forehead with the palm of his hands, crying, "*Mea culpa, mea culpa*, my fault, my fault, how could I have forgotten? The truth is, had I thought of the consequences of such an interview I should never have given it even to you, so when I saw the hullabaloo I came to the conclusion I had not authorised the interview. I was completely mistaken. Let me make what amends I can. I will write a letter to the *Times* saying it was all my mistake . . ."

"No, no," I replied, "it makes no difference. As you have not mentioned me by name in your book I do not mind at all. I am quite satisfied so long as you remember that I did not betray your confidence. Needless to say, I had no idea myself that the interview would have had such painful consequences for you or I should never have asked you for it."

Therewith the matter dropped.

Froude was very proud of having been sent out as a sort of special ambassador or plenipotentiary to settle the dispute between Great Britain and the Orange Free State as to the possession of the diamond fields at Kimberley, and it is to his honour that he gave an uncompromising decision in favour of the Free State. In all the affairs of life Froude was a kindly, honourable gentleman. It was not without reason that Carlyle always spoke of him to me as "good kindly Froude."

Froude's religion was curiously vague. He was by nature an unbeliever, a pleasant, amiable sceptic. Carlyle had not really affected his thought; he tried to believe that there was a moral law; but he saw so many exceptions to it that it had no terror or real meaning for him. You had to speak in terms of the old faith or of poetry before he associated any emotion with it. I remember quoting to him once the Æschylean phrase, τὸ δῖόν οὐκ ἀφαιρῆναι, and he took it up with fervour. "Who does wrong must suffer, that's the truth," he cried, "the punishment of sin is death." But then his second thought, I am sure, was "Everyone must die, and whether the punishment comes a little sooner or later cannot matter very much. Meanwhile 'tis a fair world, and a comfortable income, and leisure and books and beautiful scenery, and a good dinner are all pleasant things—eminently pleasant and desirable." A kindly Epicurean was Froude, of charming manner and fine presence.

But now one has to ask what remains of his work, and of all the labour he did under the sun? For forty years he held a very considerable place in England as a man of letters: he was Regius Professor of History at Oxford; wrote of Henry VIII. and his time in eight or ten volumes; four volumes of "Short Essays on Great Subjects," besides

a "Life of Caesar," "Oceana," and other books—and now what remains of them all? His story is already dead; as dead as his rival Freeman's. Some of his short essays on great subjects, however, are interesting, and they will be read, I hope, for a long time to come. I cannot help classing him in my own mind with Macaulay; he was almost as shallow as Macaulay, but he had learnt something from Carlyle, and his shallowness, therefore, is not so offensive as Macaulay's blatant Whig prejudices.

Froude's English is a gift of the first order; it has hardly any fault save too great fluency. It is lucidity itself, and flexible, smooth, rhythmic to boot; as urbane as Addison's, and with much of Steele's point and meaning. Froude will be read by the student and artist in words for some time to come. His style will preserve him as it has preserved Addison. But he has no place in the intellectual history of our race; he has contributed nothing to our stock of ideas, has created no typical memorable characters; he is not a sacred singer or reconciler or star-finder; he always went about in livery and wore the ideas of others with typical well-bred ease and assurance.

REVIEWS

THE PHILOSOPHICAL POLITICIAN

Peers and Bureaucrats. By RAMSAY MUIR. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR RAMSAY MUIR has given us a book in which he has endeavoured to approach his subject in a colloquial manner. Such efforts are more frequently failures than not. It is far from our desire to discourage any attempt at bringing vivacity in professional style; in fact, there is always an open attention to be given to vivacity in any form or shape, for vivacity is generally a symptom of life. But vivacity and colloquialism are scarcely the same thing. One of the inevitable results of colloquialism is a certain incoherence, a certain lack of precision and cogency, that cannot but tend to mar an argument. Yet it has this to gain, that while it loses the weight of dignity on the one hand, it brings the argument nearer to the person on the other. More than once or twice we felt, in reading this book, that Professor Muir had us by the lapel of the coat with intent to rivet attention; but the paradox of life is, that he who solicits attention seldom receives it; whereas he who spurns it finds the world hungering to hear him.

This is the greater pity since Mr. Muir's book is an entirely admirable one. Now and then he fails to expand his object out with the fit historical amplification; more frequently he fails to carry his argument to the convincing conclusion. But he approaches his subject philosophically: that is to say, bowing to no party Baals, doffing his cap to no leader, mouthing no worn-worn shibboleth, intent only on a satisfactory conclusion to an unsatisfactory state of affairs. This is so rare that the result is bracing. After the clash of weapons, Mr. Muir's voice comes quietly to us asking the cause and outcome of the fray, or rather, he examines our war-cries, dissects them, analyses them, dismisses them, takes the enemy's war-cries, and submits them to the same process, and then calmly gives us his own conclusions: telling us finally that though he has done so, he is convinced that we are so foolish that we will never adopt his conclusions, that their very sanity will cause us to reject them.

For the sake of euphony he entitles his book, "Peers and Bureaucrats." For the sake of obvious convenience he takes his subjects for treatment in the reverse order. He is very genuinely concerned with the growth, both in

size and power, of Bureaucracy in England. Indeed, who can help but be, taking into consideration its deadening effect on national life? Officialdom hedges us right and left. It encroaches on our most intimate affairs in a way that Englishmen would never have sanctioned but a short while ago. Marshalled in the name of liberty, its myrmidons are binding freedom with great swaths of red tape. But this is not its only evil; it is, perhaps, not its greatest evil: for the initiative of the nation is being crippled. Instead of deeming national matters his personal affair the Englishman is learning to lean supinely on those who accomplish his work for him. Mr. Muir makes clear that even the political chiefs of the nation are but puppets in the hands of this silent, omnipotent army of Bureaucracy. He does not so much inform us as bring the fact out from our sub-consciousness, making us regard it steadily. We shall have to regard it steadily sooner or later. It is a coming problem; the more so, as each new legislative measure adds to this measureless army. That it is not an active problem now is due to our sloth. This fact strips some pungency from the initial portion of Mr. Muir's book, driving the reader's major attention to its latter and larger half. He succeeds in showing us, however, only too well, that we are ruled not by ourselves, not by our representatives, not by vote or ballot-box, but by an army of men which the nation pays, it is true, but which the nation cannot dismiss or remove however little they do or however badly they do it, and which it is pledged to pension. Was ever so ignominious a state of affairs?

It is therefore to the second half of this book we are driven to find a problem that the nation does recognise in this light, however little to its taste. And here Mr. Muir treads controversial ground with the firm step of a man who eschews because he despises mere party shibboleths. He avoids even the title "The House of Lords," speaking always and firmly of "The Second Chamber Problem." We cannot but think his argument deserves deep and earnest attention. He himself is pessimistic of what good it will achieve. His closing paragraph runs: "One feels that neither this scheme (the scheme he has put forward for the elucidation of the problem), nor any other scheme based upon principles and reason, stands much chance of being adopted by a nation which shrinks from the discussion of principles, and which never feels it is discussing 'practical politics' except when it is discussing the proposals put forward by rival parties as part of their tactics in their endless strife." This is well and worthily put, however sadly true a fact it be.

For this reason it may be that Professor Muir's book will not receive the attention it deserves; for it appeals to minds that have learnt to think for themselves, and to avoid the meaningless catchwords of a shareholder press. Such minds are few. Some of us like to think sometimes that such minds are on the increase and that more of the electorate are being weaned from party platforms. But we never know how far our wish is not father to the thought.

Quotation would maim Professor Muir's argument. He deserves to speak for himself; and he deserves to be heard widely. We trust he will be, for nothing but good can come from bracing thought. We cannot always agree with him; but that is a subsidiary matter. It is more to the point that we cannot always approve of his colloquial mannerisms. This may, of course, win him a larger audience, though we doubt it: it will diminish his power with that audience. A man with something to say, as Professor Muir has, cannot but gain from saying it as well as possible.

ISLES OF THE PACIFIC

Melanesians and Polynesians. By GEORGE BROWN, D.D.
Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co.' 12s. net.)

HAVING maintained a close acquaintance with the Melanesian and Polynesian races for nearly fifty years, Dr. George Brown is fully qualified to put the results of his observations before the public. That they are extremely interesting it is hardly needful to assert, for he would be a poor writer indeed who did not glean splendid material and present it attractively, given such a fine opportunity and so long an experience; but they are far more than merely interesting. The information collected in this volume should form valuable data for future investigators of the languages, customs, and origins of these varied tribes whom so few of us have ever seen, for the author, happily, is one of those explorers who can put two and two together—who can argue logically and clearly from premiss to conclusion.

Nothing is more noticeable, in reading these pages, than their exemplification of the proverbial saying that "human nature is the same all the world over." We find frequently the same ideas, the same motives, the same reasoning, as an educated European exhibits, and occasionally the instances brought forward are distinctly amusing. Discussing "Childhood and Early Life" in these remote islands of the Pacific, Dr. Brown says: "When a young man wishes to marry he must first ask the young woman herself, as it is not etiquette in New Britain for the lady to make open advances first. In Samoa they have the sensible plan of allowing either of the parties to propose, but this is not proper in New Britain. I asked my informant the question, 'How does the lad know whether the girl likes him or not?' 'Oh!' he said, 'he can soon find that out. He looks at her, watches her, and soon he sees it in her eye.'" No one, it seems, likes his sweetheart interfered with; but a slight difference appears when the lover has to tell his father and friends of his decision, for they have to supply the necessary money—otherwise he cannot get married.

He knows nothing about engagement rings, but the same object is accomplished when he gets a basket and puts into it anything and everything he can muster up to take as a present to his future wife. The basket will probably contain a few fathoms of *diwara* (native money—a kind of rope), some beads, a bit of tobacco, a pipe, shell armlets, pearl shells, cuscus teeth, a bit of red cloth, or their own dyed substitute for it. Sometimes the young man is too shy to give it to the girl himself, and so he gets one of her girl friends to act for him and take the present to her. The young woman, however, cannot take anything out of the basket to use for herself. She keeps it safe until they are married.

The English schoolboy of the lower forms who occasionally, in an outburst of passionate truthfulness, exclaims glibly, "Cut my throat if I tell a lie," has his counterpart in the inhabitant of New Britain, who will draw his hand across his throat as he speaks, "implying a wish that his throat may be cut if he is speaking falsely." The sensation of nightmare is aptly described as a spirit sitting on the chest of the sufferer; in our own case we ascribe it as a rule to something rather more weighty than a spirit. The theory of dreams in Samoa recalls certain attempted explanations which have found adherents in Western lands: dreams and visions are supposed to be real—"the soul of the dreamer had actually been away from the body, and he had actually seen the vision." In neighbouring islands the idea is that the soul is like a man, and always stays inside him except when he is asleep or in a faint.

"A man who was very sleepy would say, 'My soul wants to go away.'"

A curious, perverse kind of reasoning occurs in Samoa, according to Dr. Brown. Touching the question of morals, he says:—

A man might make a plantation of bananas, and when they were full-grown bunch after bunch might be taken away, until the poor fellow, thoroughly disheartened, and also very angry, would cut down all the plants which were left. It may be thought that he had a perfect right to do this, as the bananas belonged to him; but by doing so he had, in a figure, killed his relatives who had been helping themselves, and so he brought upon himself great indignation as a murderer of relatives.

The Samoans have a well-developed sense of ridicule, and it is fortunate for our own music-halls that the laws here are not quite so stringent in this matter, for one poet, in recent days, who introduced a political allusion in his song, was forced to pay a fine of twenty pigs as a penalty!

The sections on language, grammar, and kindred subjects are capital, and the explanation of the mysterious *tabu* will be of especial interest to English students. Dr. Brown also enlarges in a striking manner on the volcanic formation of the islands in this part of the globe, and compels the conclusion that our earth is still in active process of construction—a world, as it were, yet in the making. The whole book, in fact, is replete with suggestive analogies and thoughtful statements, and it is not marred, as are so many works written by explorers who also constitute themselves missionaries, by any offensive insistence on the religious aspect of the work.

OUR BANKING SYSTEM

The Rise of the London Money Market, 1640-1826. By W. R. BISSCHOPP, LL.D. With a Preface by H. S. FOXWELL, M.A. (P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)

THE history of banking is the history of the most important factor in a country's progress and prosperity; but to the mission of the historian surely should be added that of the expounder and interpreter. Dr. Bisschopp's work, dealing as it does almost wholly with our banking system, shows him to be a clear, concise, and accurate recorder of a multitude of well-known facts and of some new details, through the access he has obtained to hitherto closed archives; but as an exponent and interpreter of the deeper meanings of the historic evolution of our financial methods he must be regarded as timid and halting. It is, of course, of vital importance that we should be presented with a record of the continuous but varying phases of the rise of the London bankers; of the contribution to that rise made by the Cornhill goldsmiths; of the silent evolution, by private initiative and enterprise, of that soundest of all our credit instruments, the cheque; of State tamperings with the liberties of the pioneer bankers; of the establishment of the Bank of England's monopoly and the difficulties and opposition by which it was confronted by financiers and politicians, its repeals, its amendments, and extensions; the rise and growth of the country banks, their relation to industry and commerce, and their many struggles; the crises, the panics, and the various ways in which these were dealt with and met; the note-issuing muddles and meddlings arising out of the centralisation system: all these and many other points are most clearly and carefully recorded.

But of any explanation or elucidation of the economic laws which underlie banking there is little or nothing. This is the more remarkable as each particular stage of

the development offers several glaring examples of the clue to the secret not divulged to the patient and painstaking experimenters during two centuries of national and private finance. That the author himself has not hit upon that secret may be pardonable, but that this is distinctly the case becomes palpable upon the reading of his opening paragraph, while it is amply confirmed by his subsequent comments throughout the work. His first sentence runs as follows: "The London Money Market is an historical unity which has developed independently of State interference."

The sentence, coming as it does from one who must have devoted years of study and research and patient delving into documentary evidence, leaps to the eyes like a glaring printer's error. Why, surely, the "historical unity" has been moulded all along the line from generation to generation up to the present day and hour by State interference. Each stage of amendment, or extension, or restriction of the Bank charter bristles with State tamperings from its genesis in 1640 up to the latest edition embodied in Sir Robert Peel's Bank Charter Act of 1844. The very beginning of the system was represented in a bargain between the Bank of England and the Government, and the price obtained for the monopoly was a large and perpetual loan, which formed, as it were, the commercial capital of the Bank. The whole transaction was a gigantic mistake, forgivable in the days when monopolies in most countries were regarded almost as representing a second law of nature, and when its perpetrators were bereft of all knowledge of political economy and lived at a time when their surrounding actualities were primitive and in a miniature stage as compared with our own. It is no doubt very charming and interesting to deal with historical events, but surely their relation should be accompanied by some sort of exposition of progressing ideas, as well as by some sort of interpretation of their deep and enduring significance. We have no desire to be other than courteous and fair to the writer of this work, but we must say that the truth must indeed remain as remote and as elusive as ever, in the most vital feature of our system, if those whose business it is to tackle it remain in the same groove as our ancestors of two centuries ago.

To anyone who can shed his prejudices in facing this question it will become obvious that our banking system, moulded as it is on State-meddling enactments, is a one-sided capital-absorbing system, and despite the fact that although every department of activity has expanded, improved, and developed during two centuries, that all important department, banking—the vital mechanism for the supply of capital to labour—has remained stereotyped, and that we are guided by, tied down to, and cribbed, cabined, and confined in, the wretched errors and prejudices of the far-off past.

The State regulation of banks will not bear a moment's analysis: it teems with illogical and almost bombastically irrelevant features. Its attempted adjustment of the note-issue might be dubbed as simply ludicrous were it not for the tragic consequences of strife and suffering it has carried, and still carries, in its train. The want of system and the contempt for economic truth which now characterise the arbitrary clauses of the Bank Charter Act are simply amazing. But of this we have no word either from Dr. Bisschopp or from his sponsor, Professor Foxwell. Both ignore the fact of how our banking system divorces capital and labour, how it destroys profits and promotes poverty, and causes a cruel struggle among the farming and other industries; how it upholds that direct form of slavery, the sweating system; how it encourages

misunderstanding and war between landlord and tenant, master and man; how it has led up to the State instruction of the child; how it may be held as responsible for the present economic, social, and political imbroglio and *impasse* confronting us to-day; and how, by its maleficent ramifications, it is the standing cause of that well-founded discontent which has laid the foundations of the craze and clamour for Socialism.

Truly in reviewing the mistakes concerning banking and other vital human activities committed in the magic name of government in all the so-called civilised countries of the world, one is tempted to put the question posed by Voltaire as to whether this world be not the madhouse of the universe.

A GLIMPSE AT EMPIRE BUILDING

Service and Sport in the Sudan. By D. C. E. ff. COMYN.
(John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. COMYN'S book differs in many ways from other recent publications concerning the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The author lays stress not on his hunting adventures, but on his administrative work, and in so doing he has acted wisely. The tourist who visits Khartum, ascends, maybe, the Nile to Gondokoro, and then returns home to dilate on the wonderful transformation effected in the Sudan, has at best but superficial opportunities of judging. It is otherwise in the case of the writer of this book. For some three years (1904-6) Mr. Comyn—formerly of the Black Watch—held civil appointments under the Sirdar. He had also served about a year in the Egyptian Army, being attached to the (then) newly raised Arab camel corps in Kordofan. It will be seen that the author has not hurried to make public his experiences, but the delay adds to rather than detracts from the value of the narrative, as contrasts with present conditions can thus be drawn. The story itself, which disclaims and scarcely possesses literary merit, is nevertheless vivid, and as fresh as if the incidents told happened yesterday. Though more interested in the people than in the country (or so it seems), Mr. Comyn has two pieces of geographical work to his credit; with inadequate resources on both occasions he yet (in 1904) explored the Pibor tributary of the Sobat and (in 1906) the Libyan desert west of Halfa. In the last-named journey he touched the fringe of the largest area of unknown Africa, and looked longingly across the trackless waste in the direction of Kufra—oases which Gerhard Rohlfs and his companions alone of Europeans have visited, and that from the direction opposite to the one taken by Mr. Comyn. Rohlfs, by the way, figures in this book as Rolphs, and again as Rolph's!

The author's experience as bimbashi in Kordofan, under Mahon Pasha (Mahon of Mafeking relief fame), took him a good deal among the curious Nuba tribes, where each hill owns a different *mek* (king); and on one or two hunts after minor Mahdis with his beloved Arab camel corps. The young officer—his rank in the Black Watch was that of lieutenant—had done well, and had earned promotion; and in the Egyptian Army the finest promotion is to be selected for the civil administration in the Sudan. For the greater part of the time Mr. Comyn served in the Bahr-el-Ghazel, and a considerable portion of his book tells of his methods of government, his tours of inspection, the curious customs of the Nilotic negroes, and occasional sporting adventures. In the Sudan the officer in charge of a district has to be, if not Lord High Executioner, certainly Lord High Everything Else. Mr. Comyn showed himself both versatile and equal to his responsibilities,

identifying himself with the people over whom he was called to rule. Indeed—and we say it without any intention to flatter—the author is evidently of the type of soldier whose capacity for civil administration won an eloquent tribute from Lord Cromer in 1905. "When once," said Lord Cromer, "they are taken away from the routine of the barrack-yard, given some interesting work to perform, made responsible for the proper performance of that work, and left a good deal to themselves, they speedily develop that power of government which . . . is the prerogative of their imperial race." The reader must not imagine that he will find any self-laudation in the book, though the author certainly has a good opinion of himself, nor any reference to Lord Cromer's tribute; but that the record of Mr. Comyn's doings should have brought Lord Cromer's words to the mind of the reviewer is evidence of the nature of the volume in his hands. Mr. Comyn has, however, developed a faculty not mentioned by Lord Cromer—that of somewhat sharp criticism: he can see faults both in the Egyptian Army and in the Sudan administration. His criticism is often to the point; some of the faults alluded to have been, we believe, since remedied. The commendation of the work of many—indeed, the majority—of the Egyptian civil servants in the Sudan is thoroughly deserved. The illustrations and maps are good; the index is no worse than most indices; the author foolishly leaves his reader in the first half of the work, groping in the dark for a date to fix definitely the period of the story.

YOUNGHUSBAND'S INDIA AND TIBET

India and Tibet: A history of the relations which have subsisted between the two countries from the time of Warren Hastings to 1910, with a particular account of the mission to Lhasa of 1904. By Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.I.E. (John Murray. 1910.)

THOUGH several books have already been published on the British expedition of 1904 from India to Lhasa, this work will rank as the authentic record, for Sir Francis Younghusband personally led the Mission and has had access to official documents, including the voluminous blue books, all of which were not available to previous writers. His retirement from the Government service has enabled him to liberate his soul. His method is to state the facts, illuminate them with his running comments, and offer his conclusions and suggestions for a future policy.

Tibet is not a country of which the general reader knows much, though it has been visited and described by a variety of travellers, especially during the last forty years. Since the time of Thomas Manning, in 1811, no Englishman has been permitted to approach its capital, Lhasa. Sir Francis Younghusband shows that there has been some intercourse, chiefly of traders, between India and Tibet from time immemorial; the object of his Mission was to put that intercourse on a more satisfactory footing by a commercial treaty. Lord Curzon's letters to the Dalai Lama, the Pontiff-ruler of Buddhist Tibet, had been spurned and returned unopened, while Dorjief, a Buriat Lama and Russian subject, had been cordially received and utilised to initiate diplomatic relations between Tibet and the Czar at St. Petersburg. Lord Curzon's policy was to exclude, in India's interest, this Russian influence from Lhasa, and to promote trade; he therefore proposed, in 1903, the establishment of a British representative there. The English Cabinet, avowedly apprehensive of international complications—Tibet has for centuries acknowledged China as her suzerain, and Russia was intriguing, as stated—sanctioned only nego-

tiations with Tibet at Khamba Jong, the first place within the Tibetan frontier. Sir Francis, as British Commissioner, waited there for months, but neither proper Tibetan or Chinese representatives appeared; the Mission advanced, first to Gyantse, and eventually reached Lhasa in August, 1904. During their progress the British force of 4,500 men was attacked by the Tibetans, who fought bravely and suffered severely, but possessed no military capacity. The Dalai Lama having fled at his approach, Sir Francis had to conclude at Lhasa a Convention with such Tibetan Government as existed. This Convention of September 7 provided for trade marts and the exclusion of all foreign powers from Tibet; also, for the payment of an indemnity by the Tibetans, reduced later to twenty-five lacs of rupees in annual instalments; the Chumbi Valley, Tibetan territory, to be retained as guarantee for payment and the faithful observance of the treaty. On his return to India, Sir Francis's connection with Tibet ceased, but he brings up to date the story of British relations with the country. By a separate Convention of 1906, China confirmed the Lhasa Convention; and in 1907 England and Russia mutually agreed to leave Tibet alone and send no representative to Lhasa. With her usual astuteness, the suzerain China interposed, paid up the indemnity for Tibet, and demanded the evacuation of Chumbi. Lord Morley ordered this, although the Lhasa Convention had not been faithfully observed. Thus "we deliberately abandoned the sole guarantee for the fulfilment of the Treaty." A year ago China asserted herself forcibly in Tibet, and is now supreme there. The Dalai Lama, who had resumed his position at Lhasa in December, 1909, again fled—to British territory this time: he would risk his life if he now returned again to his capital. We have nominally trade marts at Gyantse and Gartok, and can take our stand upon our Conventions. For practical purposes we have lost all prestige and influence in Tibet. Sir Francis suggests, *inter alia*, the location of a British agent at Lhasa, but we have precluded ourselves by treaty from doing this. Sir Francis conducted his Mission with skill, fortitude, and remarkable patience: his account of it and of our subsequent relations with Tibet is most interesting. The pity of it all is that, with our timidity for "international complications," so little has been gained by the expenditure of so much labour and money. The maps attached to the volume show clearly the significance of Tibet and the route taken by the Mission.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

Christianity and Social Questions. By W. CUNNINGHAM, D.D. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

A CONSIDERABLE section of ecclesiastical society to-day, especially among the younger clergy, is permeated by a sort of travesty of Socialism, tacked on to Christianity and given the very plausible title of Christian Socialism. Of this pseudo-Socialism Professor Flint shrewdly observed, "What is called Christian Socialism will always be found to be un-Christian in so far as it is Socialistic, or un-Socialistic in so far as it is truly and fully Christian." The wise penetration of this well-known epigram has been verified by many writers since; yet Christian Socialist leaders are perpetually urging Socialists to join their movement, blind to the fact that for a Socialist to become a so-called Christian Socialist would be to renounce at once the principal doctrines and aims of genuine Socialism. The Archdeacon of Ely cleverly avoids this Christian-Social pitfall. The attitude of Christianity towards social problems, which he examines in detail, is quite another matter. The greater part of

his book is occupied with historical and philosophic discourses upon the economic conditions of life, and the relative importance of these conditions from a Christian standpoint. There is no evasion of difficult problems, such as the struggle between capital and labour, the nationalisation of land and industries, and the question of monopolies. All are treated from the learned standpoint of the scholar, with the measured and polite precision of an old-time University don, undisturbed by nothing more embarrassing than the courteous opposition of the President of the Common-room. This sort of philosophic observation from the study might be termed Socialism from the bookshelf. This is no disparagement, for the writer's criticisms are logical, trenchant, and searching.

The third and last section of this work is headed "Personal Duty," and consists mainly of altruistic definitions of Christian character, enthusiasm, diligence in business, self-sacrifice, and personal service. These latter essays are exceedingly good, written to the point with studied moderation, very much of the nature of dignified sermons addressed to a highly respectable Cathedral audience. The chief point which Dr. Cunningham most ably brings out is this: that the social mission of Christianity is primarily and best accomplished through the personal mission. For example, appeal is constantly "made to the Sermon on the Mount by those who advocate the claims of Christianity as a Social gospel." Yet in this very sermon "the whole idea of Jewish morality, which had aimed at securing a divinely ordered society, is abandoned, and the Lord's teaching appeals to the individual heart and conscience." So the teachers of Christianity "have committed to them the supreme means of touching men personally, and inspiring them with high but practicable ideals. This is the grandest work to which any man can give himself; and it is a miserable thing if he fails to put his best energies into this task, and prefers instead to compete with journalists and politicians in guiding some project for social reform." This is the summing up of Dr. Cunningham's conclusions, and is in effect his severest hit at the misguided policy and misdirected efforts of clergy of the Christian Social Union type. Although Christianity joins men together in a great universal or catholic society, that society is independent of mundane social movements, of monarchies or republics, of democracies or Socialism. For the Christian society is not an end in itself, but a means. The end is found in its personal mission to the individual.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Church Questions of Our Time. By J. B. PATON, D.D. (J. Clarke and Co. 3s. net.)

THIS is a highly controversial work, and it possesses the dull average interest which usually belongs to controversy, together with that peculiar lack of spirituality so well characterised by Robertson of Brighton, when he wrote the memorable epigram, "Controversy whets the intellect, but starves, or worse, poisons, the heart." Religious controversy is further destructive to true liberality of thought. It is a curious position, and one which gives rise to philosophic reflection, when a writer, under the guise of liberalism, selects for especial attack great recognised branches of the Church. But jealousy is a strong factor in religious controversy. It would be tedious to discuss Dr. Paton's ideas of unity or of a Church. The fact remains that there are some minds which believe in the

anomaly of disintegration; in other words, that there ought to be two or three hundred denominations at least, all widely diversified, and constantly spurring and lashing one another by their violent differences, strifes, rivalries, jealousies, and antagonisms. This is simply the modern commercial idea of competition as opposed to the ancient spirit of unity as strength. Dr. Paton is dominated by a nervous terror of sacerdotalism, all very well three hundred years ago, but somewhat out of date amid the developing progress of the twentieth century. It is often forgotten, too, that sacerdotalism can exist without episcopally ordained priests, and that, politically, prophets may be quite as dangerous in their way as priests. Dr. Paton fears that in the event of disestablishment "a new Christian Church will be formed in England upon lines which will rob the laity of the rights which the laity now possess."

This astonishing remark betrays, in the first place, a curious ignorance of the great efforts which the bishops and clergy have been making for years to associate the laity with themselves in the work and governance of the Church. It also shows a complete inability to grasp the position of the Anglican Church. Disestablishment can no more effect the real continuity of the historic *Ecclesia Anglicana* of *Magna Charta* than either Papal usurpations or the Reformation. It is a mere solecism to talk of the setting up of "a new Church" in this connection. But it is the spiritual work of the Church which is of real importance to clergy and laity alike, towards which, however, we cannot regard these essays as a contribution of much assistance.

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, 1911. (Dean and Son. 31s. 6d. net.)

Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, and Companionage, 1911. (2s. 6d.)

Whitaker's Almanack, 1911. (2s. 6d.)

The Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory, 1911. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

The British Journal Photographic Almanack, 1911. (H. Greenwood and Co. 1s. net.)

Penrose's Pictorial Annual. Edited by WILLIAM GAMBLE. (Percy Lund Humphries. 5s.)

The Churchman's Year Book, 1911. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.)

The Clergyman's Ready Reference Diary. (G. Allen and Sons. 3s. 6d.)

The Writers' and Artists' Year Book, 1911. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)

At the present time, when so much attention is given to everything which savours of democracy, it is quite refreshing to turn for a few moments to a book which deals, if only in a descriptive manner, with those who, at any rate at present, occupy the highest social positions in the land. The "Peerage" issued by Messrs. Dean and Son enters upon its 198th year of publication, which says much for the value and efficiency of the work. The book is clearly and well arranged, one especial feature being the separation of the baronetage from the knightage. The ladies, also, have not been forgotten, for on page 721 we have a list of baronets' married daughters, sisters, and aunts. The volume is, of course, a somewhat large and heavy one, but having regard for the amount of information contained therein it cannot be said that the amount of space taken up is more than is absolutely necessary.

Another very good "Peerage" is that issued by Messrs. Whitaker, which is, of course, a much smaller volume than the one brought out by Messrs. Dean. A

very useful chapter in this edition is that devoted to the dress required by persons who are fortunate enough to attend Court functions. This will probably be of great value to prospective peers who have not previously had the advantage of attending such gatherings. From the present edition of the Almanack issued by the same firm it would appear that there is still room for new features; for tables have been added "of the Monetary Units of the World and of the Principal Countries," as well as the "Naval Programmes of the Maritime Powers." It is quite unnecessary to comment further on a book which Messrs. Whitaker issue year by year. It is well known and valued by everyone who requires accurate information on a variety of subjects in the shortest space of time. "The Englishwoman's Year Book" contains a very useful amount of knowledge with regard to careers open to women, together with their position in municipal, industrial, and social life.

The "B. J. Almanack" enters this year upon its jubilee, and has grown, we are told, from a sheet calendar to the present size, namely, 2½ lbs. in weight. It records the progress made each year in photography, and must form a very encyclopædia of knowledge to anyone interested in that art. Whilst on the subject of photography we must not forget the very beautiful volume issued by Messrs. Penrose. For sixteen years this book has consistently made its appearance, and we do not think that it is any exaggeration to say that each succeeding year has witnessed a more beautiful edition than the previous one. The present issue contains 200 pages of text, 100 pages of monochrome illustrations, and 50 special supplements. "The Churchman's Year Book" and "The Clergyman's Ready Reference Diary" are most handy editions for the busy parson to possess, while the "Writers' and Artists' Year Book" is a complete directory in a very concise form of the journals and magazines published in London and elsewhere. Under each periodical a short note is added to state the style and class of publication, which information is of great assistance to authors desirous of placing manuscripts to the best advantage.

The Great Longing: A Book for Vain People. By ALAN D. MICKLE. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3s. 6d.)

From the point of view of circulation, we think that it is a mistake to describe a work as "A Book for Vain People." No man, or woman either, who is vain will think of buying it when this sub-title is seen. He will be inclined to fit the cap and think it an impertinence, and as the number of vain people is, according to "The Great Longing," as the sands upon the sea shore, the book will not go far. On the other hand, kind friends who are working for their good will buy it and send it to them anonymously. "The Great Longing" is a weird and wonderful little book. It is evidently the work of a man of unlimited boldness—we almost wrote "cheek"—and self-confidence. The definiteness and finality of the statements—whose name is Legion—admit of no arguments. Sweeping assertion follows sweeping assertion like a chain of Atlantic rollers which crash upon the rocks with the force of ten thousand battering-rams. We cannot conceive the author having a friendly discussion over the dinner table on any subject whatsoever without his making bitter enemies of every other man present. We feel convinced that the Bible, in his opinion, is a bad second after "The Great Longing." The tone of dogmatism and I-say-it-therefore-it-is-so-ism is, to put it mildly, irritating. Moreover, the writing is so breathless that half the author's gems of wisdom lose their light. The book starts its headlong rush with a quotation from Nietzsche, and

chapter one is headed "The Art of Life." Every line is a stated fact, whether we poor fools agree with it or not, and nearly every new sentence begins with the word "And." It should most certainly be read as a curious and unique piece of writing, if for nothing else.

Parables from Nature. By MARGARET GATTY. Illustrated by ALICE WOODWARD. (G. Bell and Sons. 5s. net.)

THIS new edition of Mrs. Gatty's well-known parables has some charming illustrations, and is prefaced by a brief note or biography of the writer. Margaret Scott, the daughter of Dr. Scott, who had been foreign secretary to Nelson, and his chaplain on board the *Victory*, was born in 1809. After the battle of Trafalgar, Dr. Scott became vicar of Southminster and of Catterick, where Margaret and her sister led a life of cultivated leisure, "such as does not seem possible to those of this generation who rush along through existence in the present hurry of the world." The girl became a good French and Italian scholar, but her strong taste for natural history did not develop until much later in life, when, during a stay at Hastings in 1848, she began to take an interest in seaweeds and zoophytes. Her "History of British Seaweeds" came out in 1862. There is little to record in her serene and uneventful life—Mrs. Gatty never went beyond the United Kingdom—but her marriage to the Rev. Alfred Gatty, vicar of Ecclesfield, and her death in 1873. Her "Parables" have survived the test of time, and are remarkable for a certain sobriety, a freshness of humour, and for an unaffectedness rare in the style of literature to which they belong. Her knowledge of birds and beasts was minute and conscientious; she could never acquiesce in making scientific statements without ascertaining their accuracy, and "when writing her 'Parables' she was aided in verifying her facts by two scientific friends." This truthfulness of her presentment of nature has much to do with the enduring vitality of her work, its permanent charm to more than one generation.

History of Contemporary Civilization. By CHARLES SEIGNOBOS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The 'History of Contemporary Civilization,' by Dr. Charles Seignobos, is a tabloid form of John Richard Green. Dr. Seignobos has such a vast and all-seeing knowledge of his subject that the condensed form in which he sets it forth leaves the humbler student groping and bewildered, awed and breathless. Such things as the French Revolution and the conflict of Napoleon with Europe are dealt with in a chapter each, but in the bottling process the author shows his consummate skill as a verbal conjuror. In one line he decides the fate of a dynasty. In ten words he establishes another. He has eliminated every comma which might on any pretext be considered unnecessary. At the head of the first appendix he writes: "List of the principal works to which the reader may refer for the details which have found no place in this short history." There follows a long and awe-inspiring list of the works of nearly every well-known historian of nearly every nationality. The author has used all these in his preliminary work, and the result is the *History of Contemporary Civilization*," which is an express train through history. Kings, empires, and centuries flash by like telegraph poles, and the whole journey covers twenty chapters. It is a wonderful and striking piece of work, and we have a great admiration for the author.

Alongshore, Where Man and the Sea Face One Another. By STEPHEN REYNOLDS. Illustrated by MELVILLE MACKAY. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

"Alongshore," by Mr. Stephen Reynolds, is a collection of sketches of the longshoreman which have appeared in the *Westminster* and other papers. Mr. Reynolds knows the sea in all its moods. He has lived the experiences about which he writes, and he has, besides, the art of setting them down. Consequently, "Alongshore" is a work of fact, of science of the sea, told in the language of the longshoreman. Benjie, whose experience has been earned by a life-long apprenticeship to the sea, discanting with vast wisdom and great fluency in the peculiar vernacular on winds and currents and fogs, is cousin-germain to Mr. Kipling's Disko Troop in "Captains Courageous." He is an entirely delightful if rather long-winded person. The author has caught the atmosphere in a marvellous manner. We feel, as we pass from chapter to chapter, the sea winds blowing saltly in our faces; we hear the roll of the surf on the beach, or the gentle lapping of a summer day; we smell the seaweed and fish as they are hauled inboard and killed; we see the men in their little craft working their way ashore after the fishing is done. It is almost as good as a week-end by the sea, for we are more healthy and energetic when we have read the last page. The illustrations are in the form of photographs most admirably reproduced. We shall look forward to more things from Mr. Reynolds's pen.

Bells and Pomegranates, and Other Sermons. By the late Very Rev. FREDERIC W. FARRAR, M.A., D.D., Dean of Canterbury. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Bells and Pomegranates" is the title of a book of sermons by Dean Farrar, who achieved immortality, among schoolboys, when he wrote "Eric, or Little by Little." These sermons may be read with profit, for Dean Farrar has a broad outlook on life, and his advice is sometimes very helpful. His views on Sunday as a day of rest are sensible and well pondered, and in his sermon on England he scales the unfrequented heights of patriotism. The frequent recurrence of italics for the purpose of emphasis is somewhat over-done. It most annoyingly suggests the female writer of novelettes of the "Heartsease" type, which are read by servant girls when they ought to be washing up. The book would be far better without them.

FICTION

To Mars via the Moon: An Astronomical Story. By MARK WICKS. Illustrated. (Seeley and Co. 5s.)

In our early youth we devoured translations of Jules Verne's wonder-stories of things then unknown. Later on we transferred our attentions to Mr. H. G. Wells and his novels of quasi-scientific lunar adventures in amazing machines which knew not the laws of gravity. The pictures of the Selenites which appeared in his "First Men in the Moon" still rise to our mind's eye as we remember the book. Now we have another novel—if it can be called a novel—in the same vein by Mr. Mark Wicks, who, however, goes one better, for not content with going to only one planet, he travels in his airship at a snail's pace—some eighty-five thousand miles an hour or so—explores the surface of the moon, and then comes to port at last, after some five weeks' voyage, on Mars. The title of his book is "To Mars via the Moon." We should like very much to know whether he intended it as amusing fiction or as an astronomical and engineering text book, written in fiction form. Jules Verne found that he could go round the world in eighty days. Quite recently another Frenchman, whose name we cannot call to mind, appeared in one

of the monthly magazines as having gone round the globe in twenty-four hours—or rather that he remained stationary while the earth revolved under him. Mr. Wicks splits the difference, and goes for a little holiday to Mars. The first part of his book is not so much fiction as astronomical chit-chat, told by the "Professor" to his Scotch engineer, who corresponds to the class of small boys in a schoolroom. In the manner of a Cook's tour guide the "Professor" dilates in the "On-our-right-we-see, etc.," manner, as the vessel in which they are steers across the various parts of the moon. The veil of poetry and mysticism is torn rudely from the Man in the Moon, and we are treated to cold, hard facts as to bolometers, volcanic lava and scoriae, longitudes and latitudes, vegetation, and mountain ranges. The journey is then continued, and finally Mars is sighted on the starboard tack. Here the fiction begins. The adventurers see thousands of people in the Martian city waving handkerchiefs and banners, and cheering in the friendliest and most British manner. They land, and are welcomed with courteous speeches in English by the Chief of Mars, and the "Professor" meets his re-incarnated son, who, having died many years before on earth, has now become a Martian. The Englishmen are royally entertained, and shown everything and told everything about the social conditions and *modus vivendi* of the inhabitants of Mars. One of them falls in love with a Martian lady who reciprocates his feelings, and they have the most charming flirtations. The "Professor," overjoyed at finding his long-dead son, decides to stay on in Mars, and leave the earth to itself. Accordingly, the others board their ship, say good-bye, and start away back at eighty-five thousand miles an hour. They arrive at their destination, Croydon, or rather Norbury, in the evening, stable their vessel unobserved, and walk in to supper quite casually. On making known the results of their little trip they are thought to have qualified for a lunatic asylum, and the lover is haled forcibly away to one. After much deliberation and discussion with eminent astronomical professors and scientists, he is, however, released, and the book ends with a hint that he will shortly make the trip again and join his Martian sweetheart.

Doubtless if science makes strides in the next few decades in the same proportion as it has done since Jules Verne wrote, there will be cheap excursions to Mars and back with week-end tickets. At present, however, the book reads rather like a nightmare or an attack of delirium tremens. The astronomical discussions by the "Professor" give it an appearance of fact, which adds to the amusement of the reader, and the maps and charts and wealth of detail as to the Martian world and its inhabitants are most interestingly, imaginatively, and ingeniously done.

The Heart of Maureen. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. (C. H. White. 6s.)

WHAT is more important really than the heart of Maureen is the heart of John Strange Winter, which is very vividly heard beating in every page of this easy, fluent novel. And a very good heart it is, full of kindness and mother-love, accompanied by a delightful and unusual appreciation of good cookery. This, on the part of a writer of the fair sex, is truly most unusual. Very few authoresses, except the present one, and, *par excellence*, Quida, have ever seemed to be able to talk about the pleasures of eating and drinking, without giving expression to some grimace of laughter or contempt. Yet eating and drinking are among the most vital functions of life, and there is no more reason to run them down than any other human faculty; taste is, after all, quite as much to be cultivated

as a fine art, as smell, or hearing, or the touch. So many authoresses read the "mere man" lectures on their supposed gluttony, and, apparently correlated, selfishness and brutality, that it is quite a relief to the critic to come across a story like "The Heart of Maureen," where it is taken for granted that all our senses ought to be cultivated to their highest perfectibility. As for the story itself, it is bright and charming and loving, gives no ideas to master except those belonging to the elementary emotions. There is, it is true, a murder, which mildly excites all the dramatis personæ; but it does not much interfere with their fondness for sweetbread and strong beef-soup. Therefore, clearly everyone who likes light fiction for the idle hour should read John Strange Winter's one hundred and second novel.

Across the Gulf. By NEWTON V. STEWART. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THE characters in this dull novel excite little interest and no sympathy. The heroine is a stately patrician lady, who is induced to rouse herself from the lethargy consequent upon her young husband's death seven years before by taking part in the political reorganisation of a singular country constituency, in which she is the social leader. But her pride will not allow her to meet or speak with her candidate, a wealthy ironmaster, who is shown to be a thoroughly sensible, clever man, free from vulgarity and snobishness. In fact, not he, but the grand lady, the shining example of high breeding, is the snob, and we find her vagaries tiresome. "Do I not walk down the middle of the road in the village in order to get away from that awful poor-person smell?" We are puzzled by her politics and those of her despised champion, who, although evidently in opposition, becomes Under-Secretary for India and then Home Secretary in his second Parliament, aided by a cousin of the gracious dame, who obtains a seat because of his Nationalist sympathies! We are puzzled, too, by a reference to motor-cars as a newly introduced and ostracised means of locomotion, while almost the next day all the dear people are rushing round the country on them, and a relative of the *grande dame* runs off with her "motor-man," who had fallen in love with her when "she took that 60-80 Berliet round at Brooklands without turning a hair"!

Captain Ferrercourt's Widow. By M. F. HUTCHINSON. (Longmans and Co. 6s.)

THE character who appeals to us most strongly in this rather weak story is Hester, the little lodging-house drudge; she is true to life, and acts reasonably. The heroine, who to her landlady is "a mystery," poses as a widow with the idea of obtaining employment more easily, and as later on she is thrown into contact with people who knew the man whose name she adopted, awkward complications follow. Her friends and enemies, however, are very poorly drawn. Captain Lucas, who with care might have been quite a Dickensian person, is simply made to look ridiculous by his insistence on his "wretched cold," and other attempts at delineation of individuals fail for lack of adequate treatment. Hester, however, is distinctly good; her devotion to "Mrs. Ferrercourt" in spite of the landlady's sniffs and sneers is very prettily described. We can only wish that the author had been as successful with his other work. The book gives the reader an impression of superficial observation, and at times seems modelled on the style of the cheap novelette.

The Gentleman Help. By ELIZABETH HOLLAND. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)

WE always receive with interest a novel from the house of Arrowsmith, which shows more discrimination in its output of fiction than many London firms. This new story by Lady Owen is no exception. Fresh, vigorous, and lively, "The Gentleman Help" is a novel with dramatic possibilities. It tells how Gerald Hartley, suddenly bereft of fortune and expectations, becomes "bear-leader" to a young man of similar age, one of a large family, who, although of good birth and wealthy, has been allowed to run wild and grow up without education. Hartley's influence on his boorish but frank and upright protégé, and on the other young barbarians at Harcourt Castle, and how love helped him to turn the Cinderella of the family into a charming princess, form a bright and delightful story. Young Harcourt's own love-story and struggles towards refinement secure our sympathy, which deepens when tragedy overwhelms him. All is very real, except the evil genius of the family—the fascinating young stepmother, who remains somewhat shadowy and inexplicable till a vengeful death ends her selfishness and tyranny.

Clever Betsy. By CLARA BURNHAM. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

"CLEVER BETSY" is a charming story of American life by the author of those clever Christian Science stories, "Jewel" and "The Opened Shutters." The heroine is clever, both in the American sense, which approximates to good, and in the ordinary English acceptance of the word. We are first introduced to her vigorously shaking rugs in her capacity as housekeeper to a Mrs. Bruce, a rather disagreeable lady to whom she gives devoted service for the sake of her dead husband and his family. How Betsy finally clashes with her cantankerous mistress, after having acted as guardian angel to the family, is well and tenderly told. In the course of the story we are taken to Yellowstone Park, and shown some beautiful pictures of that wonderful region. Mrs. Burnham draws her minor characters well, and "Nixie" is a charming boy who discourses delightfully in very American slang. But it is Betsy, with her one-sided smile, her resourcefulness and ready wit, who charms and fascinates us. She has a bluff sailor lover, who in his quiet determination to marry her reminds us of one Mr. Barkis. Like Peggotty, Betsy is won, and we consider Captain Salter a very lucky man.

The Fairbourn Papers. By G. E. WEBB. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

LITERALLY and metaphorically, this autobiography of a solicitor is a chronicle of very small beer. The author, by the way, has the grace to apologise for the "good deal of eating and drinking mentioned in the papers." He also has no pretence to literary style, and he saves himself all trouble at characterisation by giving his puppets descriptive names, such as Goodhart, Major Bang, Links (a surveyor), Muggs (a lawyer's clerk), Grabster (a dishonest trustee), and so on. Moreover, the volume is not improved by the way in which it is printed. But perhaps the setting is equal to the matter!

The Moon God's Secret. By ROBERT M. MACDONALD, F.R.S.G.S. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

"A RATTling good story," was the verdict of the youthful reviewer to whom we submitted this tale of the tropical

Pacific. "Plenty of incident, with no end of fighting, all over a wonderful treasure on which there is a curse. How a plucky Glasgow lad got the better of a gang of rascals and secured the hidden treasure, finding, by the way, his long-lost brother in the king of the cannibal Okapites, is told in a breathless way, with a wealth of circumstantial detail."

Love at Cross Purposes. By ALEXANDER OTIS. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

WE are surprised that a publisher should think it necessary to import American fiction of this type. There is a more than sufficient supply of the home-made article of poor quality, yet we have not come across lately such a farcical farrago of wild exaggeration, without sense or humour. The only useful purpose such a "novel" can serve is to remind us that in fiction America can sink to great depths as well as rise to great heights.

The Sunny Side of the Hill. By ROSA N. CAREY. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.)

IT is refreshing to see a new edition of this popular novel. In spite of much that is ultra-sensational and vicious, there is evidently a public for quiet fiction with a domestic atmosphere, judging from the fact that many of Miss Carey's novels have reached from their twelfth to thirtieth thousand.

"WHO'S WHO" FOR 1911

ANY ordinary civilised Englishman, wrecked by chance on the shores of an uninhabited island, might be very happy if only a copy of "Who's Who" for the current year were washed ashore with him. Human curiosity is always on the *qui vive* in relation to fellow-beings; their doings in the worlds of literature, art, music, law, and a dozen other allied spheres of intellectual labour, have an irresistible fascination, and the manner in which hours stolen from work are passed sometimes gives the reader quite a thrill. When, for instance, we find that the talented professor who published "A New Theory of the Ekkyklema," and "Latin verbs in *io*," to say naught of the "Genitive and Dative cases of *is*, *hic*, *qui*," indulges in cycling, we are stricken with wonder that anything so frail as a bicycle can sustain a form so weighty with learning. Considering the matter, however, we reflect that most modern professors abjure the beard and the formidable outward show of knowledge; they are young men, clean-shaven and trim, and with all their scholarship can sprint for a train or tackle a burglar with the best of us.

We are not so conscienceless as to pretend to have read "Who's Who" from beginning to end; probably nobody ever does that except the proof-reader; but we have dipped into it and spent a pleasant hour among the great and would-be great ones of the earth. The up-to-date quality of this indispensable work of reference is undeniable; as an instance we may mention the note relating to Sir Charles Hardinge, "Viceroy of India since 1910." Other points to be noted, as in past issues, are the admirable arrangement and excellent type—this latter an important consideration in a volume which is often consulted hastily. To have a book of 2,245 pages, containing about 23,000 separate condensed biographies, in so compact a space, is a triumph of printing, paper-making, and binding. The "Smiths," as usual, claim an unfair share of space—fifteen pages, exclusive of

hyphens, and "Smyths"; some journalist will doubtless find scope for a humorous article on this aspect of the nomenclature. Mr. Lloyd George, we notice, has no recreations whatever, nor does Mr. Churchill inform us what gentle sports distract his lighter moments from the terrors of travel and of the streets. It is dangerous to glance at "Who's Who" merely to occupy an idle five minutes, for the pages become so absorbing that the five minutes may stretch to an hour. Messrs. A. and C. Black are to be congratulated, for the present issue, compared with its early predecessors, is as a muscular giant compared with a small child, and no other work with which we are acquainted can approach it from a point of view of usefulness and variety.

THE THEATRE

THE PALLADIUM ON BOXING DAY.

THIS magnificent building was filled to overflowing on the afternoon of Boxing Day. The auditorium is most beautifully decorated in white and gold, with much ornamentation. The stage is very wide and deep and gives good scope for scenic effects, which the management utilised to the full on the opening day. The floor is nicely graduated, so that an excellent view of the stage can be obtained from the comfortable *fauteuil*. In one or two cases, however, we noticed that the forethought and endeavours of the architect in this respect were frustrated by the presence of a few more than usually monstrous *matinée* hats. The two annexes of the theatre, in which *pompadour* bands were playing, are called Palm Court and the Louis Quinze Salon. The latter is perfectly charming. The painted ceiling, the painted panels on the walls, and the general decoration being perfect. We have endeavoured to give some idea of the magnificence of this abode of amusement. When, however, we come to the performance provided, our praise must be rather less bountiful. It is hardly fitting in such a temple and with such a splendid orchestra that the stage should be constantly occupied by the funny man, who for the most part appears to enjoy his performance far more than do the audience. The days when extensive merriment used to be caused by such turns would nowadays be performed in some fifth-rate music-hall, presided over by a chairman, will not prevail at the Palladium. The comic—heaven save the mark!—artist who relies for his effects on a shocking hat, an eccentric umbrella, and a rubicund nose, has had his day, at all events in the West End. Mr. Martin Harvey and his company were excellent in an interesting theatrical sketch, "The Conspiracy." Miss Topsy Sinden danced delightfully—as always—and the ballet scene was gorgeous with colour. Miss Decima Moore's performance was, of course, all that could be wished. Some very clever performers with hoops gave a novel entertainment, which was much appreciated. On the whole, we have no hesitation in predicting that, with a carefully selected programme, the Palladium has before it a very successful future.

"THE UNWRITTEN LAW," AT THE KINGSWAY.

WE were not present at the Garrick Theatre when Mr. Laurence Irving produced his play, "The Unwritten Law," but we went on Monday night to see the first performance which took place at the Kingsway Theatre. We suppose that being the beginning of the pantomime season would account for a great many of the empty seats which we saw around us, but there was a sufficient number of people

present to applaud more heartily than they did, had they been so inclined. The drama is founded on Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment," and deals, as may be imagined, with the injustice meted out by a cruel tyrant to poor peasants. There does not appear to be anything very new or original in this. Tolstoi and others have done it all for us, and done it, we think, in a more human and appealing manner than it is here set forth; and we think that it is this lack of sympathy, as it were, which causes the play to be so calmly received. Sonia, a girl with a drunken father, endeavours to support her two young sisters in a variety of ways, until every means of support are taken from her by the manoeuvres of Gromoff, the landlord, who wants to possess Sonia himself. She is at last driven to desperation, and seeks the aid of Rodion Raskolnikoff, a student who lives on the floor below, and who holds the theory that a crime is justifiable if it rids the world of a scoundrel. He listens to her tale, and then and there determines to put a stop to Gromoff's persecution, and the same night goes to Gromoff's room, kills him with an axe, and steals what money he can find. From this point the play deals with the awful agony and fright with which Rodion is tortured, until it culminates in a terrible scene enacted in the murdered man's room, where Bezak, an examining magistrate, causes the whole circumstances to be re-enacted in order to try to make Raskolnikoff in the first act. Miss Leonora Oakford as that Mr. Laurence Irving is at his best. He never for one moment fails to sustain the fearful agony through which he is going during this cross-examination, while Bezak is relentless in trying to bring the murder home to him. The last scene takes place in Sonia's sitting-room, where she prays and entreats Raskolnikoff to let justice be done. He finally confesses his crime, and is sentenced to five years' penal servitude, Sonia and her sisters promising to wait for his return. We must confess to a little disappointment in Miss Mabel Hackney as Sonia. We think that she rather overdoes the part of a simple little maiden, and her manner does not lead one to suppose that she feels all that she is relating to Raskolnikoff in the first act. Miss Leonora Oakford as Doonia, Raskolnikoff's sister, has a very small part, but acts it very well. What irritates and annoys us is Keller, the lawyer. His part certainly, we suppose, requires him to be a fop and a silly fellow; but surely in a scene like that which takes place at the cross-examination of Raskolnikoff it would not interfere with the play if he were to try to look a trifle interested, and find something to do besides draw his hands—lily white though they be—up and down the back of a chair, for all the world like a waiter ready to make his bow and whisk imaginary crumbs off the table in view of a prospective customer. We trust that Mr. Irving will meet with a better reception for his play during the coming weeks than was accorded to it on Boxing evening. It well deserves it.

MUSIC

In his "Pelléas and Melisande," M. Claude Debussy takes us into a new world of opera. People who have only heard about it, read about it, or only studied the pianoforte score, can form no idea at all as to what it is really like. The "Terra Nova" cannot have appeared more new to Vespucci or Columbus than does this strange, unexpected musical scene to a musician who is present at it for the first time. To experience a parallel to the sensation of newness given by a first hearing of "Pelléas,"

one would have to set foot on the shores of Atlantis, or find one's way to Arthur's Valley of Avilion. Perhaps the dominant feeling of which we are conscious as we pass from the scene of Melisande's death-chamber to the familiar reality of muddy streets and weeping skies, from the beauty of the wistful music to the shrill torture of cab-whistles and motor-horns, is this: that we have been assisting at something which is utterly new. Art, like life, has its surprises, but we had not been prepared for such a surprise. It is true that we had heard most of Debussy's orchestral compositions, and were familiar enough with his pianoforte pieces and his songs; but still, we had expected nothing quite like this. We had laboured to play the music on the piano, and had strained our eyes with peering into the small type of the orchestral score, but, in truth, we might have spared ourselves the trouble, for the printed page promises nothing half so strangely beautiful as the sung music.

The first act left us a little too much bewildered for true enjoyment. Indecision and pleasure are irreconcilable, and we could not be sure if this twilight music, prolonged for a whole evening, would not end by wearying us. Should we not long for some bright glow of candle or lamp, or welcome even the familiar noise of coals being flung on the fire—anything to recall us to ourselves from this dim dream-world? But, if the contradiction may be excused, it was partly owing to the insistent intrusion of everyday life upon our meditations that we were unable at first to receive the doctrine of Pelléas in humble, unquestioning obedience. It is difficult to attend to the voice of a new oracle when the stalls are filling up with late-comers, and when the curtain fell and the music of the entr'acte went on without a break, most of the writer's relieved neighbours thought that an interval had really come, and that the sounds from the orchestra were but those made by the fiddlers re-tuning. They broke, therefore, at once, into animated conversation about the piece. An eminent ex-Cabinet Minister, hard by, dragged as much of the "story" as he could from a reluctant lady behind him, so that the solemn "second theme," with its embroidery of triplets, which was to lead us on to the discovery of Genevieve reading Goland's letter to Arkel, and later, the "sweet and melancholy" music which was to prepare for the scene by the sea, could make little of its intended effect. As the opera progressed, however, its mysterious influence quieted the curiosity-hunters. They listened with a becoming silence and decorum, and thus when the second act was finished, the writer had succumbed to the voice of the charmer, and found himself, ineffectually, and very unreasonably, enquiring whether it would not be as well if all operas could be like "Pelléas." He knew, of course, that he would think no such thing the next time he heard "Don Giovanni," or "Armide," or "Elektra," but still, he wondered if perhaps he should not regretfully remember this quiet, grave music, so stainlessly pure and delicate, when listening to some torrent of melody or explosion of noise.

For there was something strangely grateful in the quiet *mezzo-voce* of "Pelléas." Does the tendency of modern music towards the making of a great noise really enhance the beauty of music? Is it because we cannot walk along our streets without having our ears deafened and our brains made dizzy, that we seek parallel effects in our concert-rooms and opera houses? Certain it is that to some natures the peace of the country is enchanting after the roar of London, and the peace of "Pelléas" was very cooling to the spirit after, shall we say, the excitement of "Salomé." At first, as we have said, the persistent, even monotonous undertone of the music seemed as if

it might become depressing, like life in the fen country through a midland winter. Surely some ravishing beams of melody would soon appear to lighten up the landscape, some grand piling up of rich harmonies, like the Cathedral of Ely, to vary the level, and so kindle the heart with gratitude. But no; there is no melody in the ordinary sense of that misunderstood word, and the orchestra restrains itself even when the emotions of the actors on the stage are charged with passion. Still, when the opera is over, when the child-victims have been sacrificed, and Goland has been left to his remorse, we would not have had it otherwise. Debussy has converted us to his methods, at any rate, as far as the right treatment of such a story as "Pelléas" is concerned. He has told it as Leila, the daughter of Lilith, told her Persian legends, "d'une voix monotone, avec une grâce infinie," and we feel that the grace is, indeed, so infinite, that to listen to any other kind of telling of this story would be a trial of our patience. Whether, as some say, all operatic art in the future must follow in the path first trodden by Debussy, until another genius shall carve out a newer road, is a question which we, in this age, cannot determine. Our own belief is that there will always be room for various schools. We cannot sympathise with the feelings of certain enthusiasts who, having heard "Pelléas," declare that they can now listen patiently to no other opera. The garden of music would be to us a much less delightful and interesting spot, if all flowers that do not conform to a certain type are to be rooted out of it, as the "old-fashioned" plants were banished when "bedding-out" came in! In fact, this seems so obvious that we would be ashamed to write it, were it not that we are continually meeting with this spirit, especially among the more "advanced" of our young musicians—this narrow spirit which cries "Away with it, cut it down," if "it" is not fashioned after the model *à la mode*.

We imagine, not having had the good fortune to be present at any other, that the performance of "Pelléas" under Mr. Percy Pitt at Covent Garden was a very fairly good one. It is difficult to conceive a more natural or a more charming Melisande than Miss Teyte, and M. Petit as Pelléas, was surely quite in the picture, while M. Bourbon, who played Goland, did very well indeed, as did the minor personages of the play. All of them seemed to understand the art of delivering M. Debussy's recitative, that incomparable recitative which points the rhythm of speech, as it seems, so inevitably. And what about the orchestra, which is here, in more than one sense, the protagonist? We thought it excellent, though we were informed by certain Debussy enthusiasts that Mr. Pitt did not allow us to hear the music in its full flexibility, and that the band could only be praised as having played difficult music which it did not know thoroughly without any glaring errors. The reception of the opera, and of the artists, was very favourable indeed. Let us hope that "Pelléas" may never be put on the shelf again.

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke gave a concert last week of much more than ordinary interest. Whether he was strictly accurate in announcing Reger's Pianoforte Trio in E, op. 102, as a "first performance" is a matter which need not concern us. What does matter, is that Mr. Holbrooke should have performed it at all. It is rugged, rather wild and untamed music, something of the sort one could suppose Brahms might have written in an unusually "unbuttoned" and "don't care" mood. After one hearing, we could not analyse it very clearly, but it created an impression of undeniable strength, and sturdy, if rather clumsy, spirits, and disposed us to desire more

of Reger's chamber music. Mr. Holbrooke also performed his own quintet for pianoforte and strings, which he calls "Diabolique," after the valse which forms its third movement, and the arrangement as a pianoforte trio of César Franck's magnificent prelude, aria, and finale for piano. Whether this arrangement was made by Franck himself we are not quite certain, but we believe it was; and, anyhow, it has his sanction. To anyone familiar with the piece in the original form, it is a most successful arrangement, though it is likely enough that a musician who was under the impression that it had been conceived by its author as a trio might not consider it a very perfect specimen of writing for the three instruments. Much of its extreme difficulty for pianists lies in the subtle interweaving of the subjects, and when these subjects are transferred to the violin or violoncello, they naturally make themselves more clearly heard than when they are sung by the thumbs of a pianist whose fingers are engaged in playing the elaborate counterpoint with which the themes are adorned.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn has given one of her much too rare recitals of song. All eminent opera-singers have not beautiful voices, but Mme. Lunn is one who has a perfectly beautiful voice. Very few opera-singers can deliver "lieder" as if they had done all their professional work on the concert platform. But Mme. Lunn can do this, and among the elect lieder-singers of all countries she must take a very high place. Except for some charming early French ballads, she sang nothing of importance which was not as well known and as popular as herself, whether the songs were by Brahms, or Strauss and Wolf, or even Reger. The English songs were not of exceptional quality, the best of them being Mr. Hamilton Harty's "Scythe Song." But the French songs, quaint echoes from the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, were as delightful as they were interesting, and they served as well as anything to show how versatile and how sympathetic an artist is Mme. Kirkby Lunn. She understood them perfectly.

THE CORONATION OF THE KING-EMPEROR IN INDIA

THE official announcement that King George V. hopes to visit India, accompanied by the Queen, to hold a Coronation Durbar at Delhi on January 1, 1912 (though the exact date is likely to be altered, to avoid clashing with Muhammedan mourning), has been received with the utmost enthusiasm throughout that country. The Calcutta newspapers promptly began to agitate for the selection of Calcutta as the place of the ceremony, mainly on the grounds that it is the capital of India, and that accommodation at Delhi is too limited for the number of Chiefs and visitors from all parts of the world who would desire to be present. There is something to be said for this view, though it may have originated partly in selfishness. Those who have experienced the discomforts of tent-life on the bare plain of Delhi in mid-winter have no pleasant recollections of the intense cold, the dreadful dust, and the distances to be traversed. All these would be mitigated, if not altogether obviated in Calcutta, where the ample *maidan*, or plain, affords a unique site for such an assemblage, and the accommodation available in the town and neighbourhood is practically unlimited, though even Calcutta hotels fail to reach the Western standard.

But the choice of Delhi depends rather on reasons of sentiment and policy. It is the place to which both Hindus and Muhammadans have looked for ages as their

capital. There was the *Rajasuya Yajna*, the Royal Ceremony of Yudhishtir, in the Dwapar Yuga of the Hindus, according to Lassen, about 2700 B.C. There the Mogul Emperors made the seat of their government. Therefore it was chosen as the scene for the Proclamation of Queen Victoria's assumption of the title of Empress of India on January 1, 1877, and for Lord Curzon's Durbar for the Coronation of Edward VII. on the 1st of January, 1903. There is no absolute necessity to imitate the practice of defunct dynasties, but the imagination of the natives will be touched by the choice, for a Coronation ceremony, of their old capital rather than of the modern metropolis of India. Moreover, Delhi is on the whole more accessible to the majority than is Calcutta. The King having already mentioned Delhi, probably no change will be made.

The project of the visit is altogether admirable. In the days of the Holy Roman Empire, as Mr. James Bryce has shown, the German Emperors had themselves crowned four times in their several kingdoms. Not only do the Indians love what they call a *tamasha*, a show, but Monarchy appeals to their innermost feelings. The Hindu lawgiver, Manu, whose word is still Law as much as any of the English-made Codes, lays down, in his Chapters on Government, Judicature, and Law, the principles of Kingship and its duties which form the bedrock of Indian ideas. The regard for the personality of the King may have had some original connection with the idolatry which requires a personal object, animate or inanimate, for its worship. On all occasions of disturbance and unrest, whatever opposition may be manifested to the Government and its officer, the Crown is regarded with the utmost loyalty. Like the King in English law, the idealised King can do no wrong in the eyes of the natives. As George V. visited India when he was Prince of Wales, he need not make another extended tour. His advent as King-Emperor will be another thing altogether. There may be some difficulty in settling the details of the religious ceremony of a Coronation in India, as the ritual of Westminster Abbey cannot be exactly reproduced. But Indians have before now joined in the religious ceremonies of the English. They have constantly attended weddings in churches; their representatives attended the memorial service to Queen Victoria in the Calcutta Cathedral in January, 1901, and behaved with exemplary propriety. Care must be taken to avoid the mistake made in January, 1903, when the sanctity of the Muhammadan Ramazan was ignored. This point has already attracted attention, and it is sure to be provided for before the final arrangements are concluded. The King and Lord Hardinge may be trusted to give the fullest political effect to a Coronation the like of which India has never seen.

THE POST OFFICE IN EARLY TIMES

There is no new thing under the sun, and even so long ago as the time of the Wise King to whom this remark is attributed a postal service had been organised and worked apparently with satisfaction to those principally concerned. The postal service of Solomon's kingdom is, however, relatively modern as compared with those of earlier empires. Almost every archaeological discovery in Egypt and the East produces further proof of the existence of well-organised postal services in the empires of the ancient world, and in this respect, as in many others, we are gradually being further convinced that our modern civilisation itself is, after all, not so very much in advance of

those of ancient days. In the commercial state of Babylonia the equivalent of the modern post office was indispensable, and, judging from the records of that period that have come down to us, it was not wanting. We learn from Herodotus that in the Persian Empire under Darius there was a regularly organised postal service. There is also some evidence of a postal service of some description among the ancient Egyptians. The Book of Esther, if its historical authority be accepted, affords undoubted proofs of the existence of an organised postal service in such passages as: "And the letters were sent by post into all the king's provinces" (iii., 13), or "The posts went out, being hastened by the king's commandment" (iii., 15). Of postal organisation in early Babylonia the following quotation from L. W. King ("The letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi, King of Babylonia about B.C. 2200") gives some idea:—

It is clear that communication between the different cities of Babylonia must have existed in an imperfect form from a very remote period. Already, in the time of Sargon of Agade, at about B.C. 3800, we have reason to believe that a system of convoys had been established between the cities of Agade and Sirpurla. . . . The private letters of this period (first Dynasty, 2200 B.C.) which actually passed between friends and relatives, merchants, and traders, and which dealt with incidents of domestic life and commercial transactions, prove that the sending of a letter was no extraordinary or uncommon occurrence, and suggests that a regular post was at this time established in Babylonia. . . . The letters were probably carried from city to city by mare sipri or "messengers," and a special service of swift runners was no doubt established for bearing the Royal letters and despatches from one place to another.

In the Old Testament we find occasional references that point to some sort of postal service as early as I. Kings. In fact, a service of some description was to such an extent a matter of course when the Book of Job was written that we find in that wonderful work the passage "My days are swifter than a post." By the commencement of the Christian Era, in this respect, as in many others, the social condition of the people had advanced considerably. Before the advent of the Empire in Rome a postal organisation—not to be compared, of course, with the most backward of those at present in existence—had without doubt been established, and this service extended to all parts of the Roman dominions. Curiously enough, even under the Romans, the Mails for the East, if one may use so modern a term, went via Brundisium or Brindisi. In Rome it appears that the Emperor Hadrian first made the control of the Postal Service a department of State. Many details of the organisation of this service have come down to us. For a very long period the expenses had to be borne by the people through whose districts the posts passed; that is to say, accommodation for the messengers, supply of horses and vehicles, as well as of attendants, had to be forthcoming without payment. The control of the service was always considered of great importance, and was at first entrusted to a freedman of the Emperor. Hadrian's reforms included the appointment of a knight at the head of the service, and his example was subsequently followed by his successors. The Emperor, however, as we observe in Hirschfeld's work, still retained a sort of general control, such as the Treasury holds in England to-day.

In modern Europe the Post Office as a branch of the Government Service came early into existence in France, the Empire, and Italy. The French postal system was founded by Louis XI. in 1464, but from the thirteenth to

the eighteenth century the University of Paris had a postal system of its own. The service established by Louis XI. was considerably improved and extended by his successors in 1565, 1603, 1622, 1627, and later years. In the last-mentioned year the Money Order System and the Registered Post were introduced by Pierre d'Alméras, the Postmaster-General. Further improvements were effected by Mazarin, Louvois, and Cardinal de Fleury. The modern system was organised by Napoleon in 1802. In the territories of the Empire postal services were established in the different States at different periods. During the fifteenth century a member of the Royal family of Thurn and Taxis organised as a private venture a postal service between the Tyrol and Italy, and his successors received the encouragement of the Emperor, from whom they received many privileges. It extended in all directions, and being granted a monopoly, became practically a department of State.

In 1516 Maximilian I. confirmed the privileges on condition that a postal service was established between Vienna and Brussels. During the first quarter of the sixteenth century the Emperor conferred on the head of the Thurn und Taxis family the title and office of Ober-Postmeister des Deutschen Kaiserthums, and by this newly appointed officer the whole of the service throughout the wide dominions of the Emperor was reorganised and improved. In the course of the subsequent centuries the privileges of the family were curtailed, but their monopoly in many States of the Empire survived until the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Among German cities Vienna was first to have a local letter and parcel post. Local posts existed, however, in Strassburg in the fifteenth century, and in Nuremberg in the sixteenth. The present German system commenced in 1646, when the Great Elector Frederick William established a Government post between Cleves and Memel. Further improvements were effected by Frederick II. (1740-1786) and Frederick William II. (1786-1797). The Italian Post Office found its beginning in Venice early in the sixteenth century. Italy can, however, claim with justice the invention of postage stamps, for stamped paper for postal purposes was in use in the Sardinian Service during the second decade of the nineteenth century. It was, however, withdrawn after a year's use. Curiously enough, five years later a proposal for similar stamped paper was brought before the Swedish Parliament, but did not meet with approval.

The beginnings of the Post Office in this country are involved in obscurity. The Crown, doubtless, from its institution, found and satisfied the need of messengers to carry its commands throughout the kingdom, and from this service of messengers has descended the British Post Office of to-day. Records are in existence dating from the thirteenth century in which mention is made of payments to Royal letter-carriers—"cokinus," "nuncius," or "garcio." In Edward the Second's reign private individuals kept relays of horses in order that letters might be delivered as speedily as possible, and from the endorsement "Haste Post Haste" on the back of private letters dating from the fifteenth century it is apparent that these posts were used for private correspondence as well as for letters on Government business. At the period of the Wars of the Roses messengers on pack horses plied more or less regularly for the carriage of letters, and about the same time, in 1481, Edward IV. established a system of relays of horses between York and Edinburgh, so that the 200 miles might be covered by the letter-carriers in three days. In 1516 the unconnected services then existing were concentrated in the hands of Brian Tuke, afterwards

Sir Brian Tuke, who may justly be considered the first Postmaster-General. Brian Tuke was apparently introduced to the Court by his father or grandfather, Richard Tuke, who appears to have been tutor to the second Duke of Norfolk. Brian Tuke obtained his first Government appointment in 1508, when he became King's Bailiff of Sandwich. In 1509 he was made clerk of the signet, and later in the same year feodary of Wallingford and St. Walric. The following year a further promotion came in the form of a clerkship of the council at Calais. In 1512 he became a magistrate for Kent, and in the following year for Essex also. Three years later Tuke was made a Knight of the King's body, and in 1517 "Governor of the King's Posts." Brian Tuke remained in office until 1545. He is described in the records as "Magister Nunciorum, Cursorum, sive Postarum," both in England and in other parts of the King's dominions beyond the seas. We get some light on the organisation and management of the Post Office in his day from the following letter sent by him to Thomas Cromwell in 1533:—

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR,—

In my best manner I recomende me unto you. By your letters of the 12th of this moneth, I perceyve that there is grete defaulte in conveyance of letters, and of special men irdeyned to be sent in post; and that the Kings pleasure is, that postes be better appointed, and laide in al places most expedient; with commaundement to al townshippes in al places, on payn of lyfe, tombe in suche redynes, and to make suche provision of horses, at all tymes, as no tract or losse of tyme be had in that behalf.

Sir, it may like you to understonde, the Kinges grace hathe no moo ordinary postes, ne of many days hathe had, but bitwene London and Calais; and they in no wages, save the post of London in 12d. and Calais 4d. by day; but riding by the journey wherof, most part, passe not 2 in a moneth; and sens October last, the postes northewarde, every one at 12d. by day. These in wages be bounde but to on horse; which is inough for that wages, albeit som of them have moo. I never used other ordre, but to charge the townshippes to lay and appoint suche a post, as they wol answer for. And Butler, the King's messenger, for these northewarde, was sent, when I laide them, to see them sufficient; and surely the postes northeward, in tyme, past have been the most diligent of al other. Wherefore, supposing by my conjecture, that the default is there, I incontiently, sent, thorough them, a writing, sharpe inough shewing their defaultes, the Kinges high displeasure, and the daungier. I also wrote to all the townshippes that way, semblaibly towching obeying of placards and other writings, sent for provision of post horses. Nowe, Sir, if the default be elleswhere, where postes lye, I, upon knowledge had from you, wol put it to the best remedy I can; but if in any other wayes like ordre shal be taken, I pray you advertise me. For, Sur, ye knowe well, that except the hakney horses bitwene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no suche usual conveyance in post for men in this realme as is in the accustomed places of France and other parties; ne men can kepe in redynes withoute som way to bere the charges: but when placardes be sent for suche cause, the constables many tymes be fayn to take horses oute of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence. This I write, lest the tract shulde be imputed there it is not. But, Sir, not taking upon me to excuse the postes, I wol advertise you that I have knowen in tymes past folkes whiche, for their own taanke, have dated their letters a day or 2 more before they wer writen, and the conveyers have had the blame. As to costes bitwene London and the Coirte, there be nowe but 2; wherof the one is a good robust felowe, and was wont to be diligent, evil intreated many tymes, he and other postes, by the herbigours, for lak of horse rome, or horsemete, withoute whiche diligence can not be. The other hathe ben the most paynful felowe, in nygt and day, that I have knowen amongst the messengers. If he nowe slak, he shal be changed, as reason is. He sueth to the Kinges Grace for some smal living for his olde service, having never had ordinary wages, til nowe, a moneth or litle more, this postes wages. It may please you to advertise me, in whiche of them 2 ye fynde default; and he shal be changed. I wrote unto my Lorde of Northumberlande, to write on the bak of his pacquettes the houre and day of the depeche, and so I did to other; but it is seldome observed. I wol

also desire you to remember that may tynes happen 2 depeches in a day, on way, and somtyme moo; and that often seasons coudre postes, that is, to ride both northward and southward; this is much for on horse, or on man. My Lorde of Nothumberlande hathe sent a post, my Lord Dacre an other in the neck of hym; they of Berwick a 3de, and somtyme Sir George Lawson ap arte an other; and, in the same tyme, depeches from hence northward. Nowe, Imhabe advertised you of the premysses, it bounden duetye, diligently ob ye the same, by Goddes Grace, who preserve you. At my poore house, the 17th day of August, 1533.

At al your commaundement,
(Signed) BRIAN TUKE.

Sir; I have also received other your letters, of the 12th and 13th, the on conceryng ordre for letters of the Frenche Ambassadour, northward, whiche shal be performed; and the other for 300l., for W. Gonson, whiche shal be paid. Sir, it is shewed me the Kinges grace reckneth I receyved 4,000l. in the Exchequer the last term. Sir, it was but 2,000l., whereof Gonson had 900l., and the rest, with moche more, was assigned by warrantes, or ever it was received; and I have paid sens title lak of 5,000l.

Superscribed

To the Right Worshipful Mr. Thomas Cromwell, Squier,
Counsailour to the Kinges Hignes, and
Master of his Joyels.

Sir William Paget and John Mason were in 1545 appointed Joint Postmasters-General in succession to Sir Brian Tuke. The office was granted to them for their joint lives, and for the life of the survivor by letters patent at a salary of £66 13s. 4d. per annum, additional to the expenses of the service. The office was described as "Master of the Messengers, Runners or Posts, as well within the Kingdom of England as in parts beyond the seas in the King's Dominions." They were authorised to hold the office either themselves or by deputy. Paget and Mason were both distinguished statesmen and trusted advisers of Henry. Paget, afterwards Baron Paget of Beauchamp, had acted on several diplomatic missions, and was a Privy Councillor and Secretary of State. He was at this period of his career one of the King's principal advisers. John Mason, who was of lowly birth, had also for several years been in the diplomatic service, where he obtained a considerable reputation. In 1542 he was appointed Clerk to the Privy Council, and at the same time as he received the office of Master of the Posts he was also made French Secretary. Paget died in 1563; Mason three years later. In 1567 Thomas Randolph was appointed to succeed him. Despite these appointments, the control of the Post Office does not appear to have rested entirely in the hands of the Masters of the Post. Throughout the period from 1517 proclamations appear to have been made by the Crown and Orders in Council issued regulating the service. For instance, in 1555 a proclamation was issued regulating the supply of horses for the conveyance of letters to Dover, and the following year the Lords of the Council ordered

That the postes betwene this and the Northe should eche of them keepe a booke, and make entrie of every lettre that he shall receive, the tyme of the deliverie thereof unto his hands, with the parties names that shall bring it unto him.

Among the duties of the Masters of the Posts was the securing from the townships concerned the provision of post horses in those places in which no royal posts were kept. In some instances it appears the town had to keep a supply of horses always ready for the service of the post. The Masters of the Posts were concerned for the most part only with the inland posts. The foreign posts were to a great extent managed by the "Merchant strangers," who appointed a postmaster of their own. In 1568, this appointment fell vacant, and the dissensions among the "Merchant Strangers"—between the Germans and Italians especially—led to the loss of the privilege.

Thomas Randolph, like his predecessors, was also dis-

tinguished as a statesman and diplomatist. He was, moreover, a scholar, and came first before the public as Principal of Pembroke College, Oxford. The Marian persecutions compelled him to retreat to France. Upon the accession of Elizabeth, Randolph entered the diplomatic service. He was for a few months Government agent in Germany, later was sent to Geneva to conduct Arran back to England, and in 1560 he went on a visit to Scotland on a mission in which he attained considerable success. On his return from Scotland Randolph received the office of Master of the Posts in addition to other Government appointments, and retained it until his death in 1590. His diplomatic career had, however, by no means concluded. Subsequent to his appointment to the Post Office, Randolph went on missions to Russia, Scotland (four times), and France (twice). He was also Chancellor of the Exchequer when he died.

Throughout his term of office the connection between the Crown and the postal service was retained. As Mr. Herbert Joyce has pointed out in statements of accounts, the connection with the Crown was invariably mentioned: "A post daily serving Her Majesty, a post for Her Majesty's service and affairs, a post during the time of Her Majesty's progress, a post for the conveyance of Her Majesty's letters." Even at this early period the monopoly of the Crown was developing rapidly. Private individuals were not expressly prohibited from conveying letters, but they were by no means encouraged to do so. The Government in this respect, however, concerned itself rather with the foreign than with the inland posts. More or less suspicion was attached at that time to all correspondence with the Continent, and Wolsey can therefore hardly be blamed for having in 1525 seized the letters sent by the Imperial Ambassador to Charles V. From that day to this the English postal organisation has developed and extended until it has reached its present proportions, far exceeding in magnitude any institution which has hitherto been created by the mind of man.

THE DUTCH CONTEST WITH THE SEA.

A PAPER was read on the 20th inst. at the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr. A. E. Carey, M.Inst.C.E., on "The Winning of Coastal Lands in Holland." The subject is of wide interest beyond the ranks of the engineering profession. The present season has afforded numberless object-lessons in every part of Europe of the precarious hold civilised communities possess over the surface of low-lying land. From all parts of Great Britain and Ireland have come records of widespread riparian flooding, and the tale of destruction along the coast line has been equally urgent. In every quarter France has been threatened with disaster similar to that which besieged Paris a year ago. A Royal Commission on coast erosion has been sitting for a number of years, but, in the present state of the national finances the application of public funds on a large scale to coastal work under a comprehensive scheme seems remote. It has been said that had Noah waited for the report of a Royal Commission he would never have built his ark. It is quite certain that this would have been the case had he waited for legislation, which is popularly supposed to be the sequel of such reports. It thus behoves public bodies and landowners, in areas liable to flooding or irruption by river or sea, to help themselves. The Dutch have followed this salutary rule, and it is thus, as the author of the paper points out, that the motto of the Province of Zeeland—*Luctor et emergo*—may be taken as the historic password of the State. The struggle has gone

on without intermission for centuries, and to such a pitch has the control of inland waters been brought in Holland that the expedient of flooding, applied by deliberate pre-science, is to-day the key of the military defensive policy of the country. In Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," the story is told of how the Spanish invader was baulked by the letting out of waters and of the skill with which the burgher soldiers baffled the attack of their foes, as they endeavoured to advance across such inundations when frozen; the Dutchmen, as much at home on their skates as birds of the air in the art of flight, threw into utter confusion the legionaries opposed to them, who slipped and stumbled on a *terra incognita*.

When it is considered that 99.9 per cent. of the area of Holland is either alluvial or diluvial, and that two-thirds of its surface is below average high-tide level, the perennial fight waged by human intelligence against the supremacy of the encircling waters becomes patent. De Amicis said that the Dutch have three great enemies—the sea, the lakes, and the rivers; they drive back the sea, they drain the lakes, and they imprison the rivers. For centuries the only historic records of the race we have are those of river banks bursting and islands being submerged. The stubborn, deliberate courage of the Dutch has not only saved Holland from political extinction, but it has preserved the soil of the country from drowning. Andrew Marvel and Hudibras are fond of comparing the country to a ship. Thus says Hudibras:

"A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, does but spring a leak."

Goldsmith's description in "The Traveller" of the untiring effort of the Dutch strugglers is inimitable.

"Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,"

he writes. Then he goes on to describe how they "lift the tall rampire's artificial pride." Every line in the sketch tells:—

"Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an Empire, and usurps the shore—
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile."

The author of the paper demonstrates that the Dutch patriot is still sighing for fresh worlds to conquer. The draining of the Zuyder Zee has been the dream of generations of Hollanders, and that they will achieve it in the end may be taken as assured. The area of this vast inland sea is about one and a half million acres. The bed of the greater portion of it is "sea clay," the geological history of which is traced in the paper; the remainder is a sandy plateau, and, if reclaimed, would result in mere sterility. A Dutch Ministry has, ere this, fallen at the polls over the proposal to conquer this province by the arts of peace. That the nation, true to racial patriotism, will, in the end, put its hand to the plough, is as certain as the fact of its pride and resolution.

A folk who have fought and conquered the elements and whose capacity for such work has been the slow evolution of centuries, must obviously have much to teach other nations struggling with corresponding difficulties. The author of the paper, who has himself had much experience in the protection of low-lying lands at home, compares the English and Dutch practice. There are large tracts of land and water in the estuary of the Thames and on the East Coast of England which are Holland in duplicate. On the Island of Foulness, for instance, save for the fact that Scotch farmers are to be found rearing cattle and that their "speech bewrayeth them," a Dutchman might believe

himself to be gazing over the "polders" of his native land. There the artist may see the same magic effects of green land and the sheen of breezy, water-locked areas. The pictures are wide canvasses, "nature-printed."

We have not space to do more than indicate generally the scope of the paper. The expedient of planting slopes with helm grass or marram is closely described by the author. When a sand-dune is threatened with erosion, the practice of the Waterstaat engineers of Holland is to plant tufts of this grass about twelve inches apart; it will only germinate in freshly-blown sand, and its effect is extraordinary. The roots penetrate in all directions and form a dense mat of fibre which resists the tendency to erode, whether resulting from wind or sea action. A somewhat similar effect may be noticed here in July when the lesser bindweed runs over a bank. This plant, hated of the gardener, will encase a slipping embankment in a chain mail of fibrous root. In England men often laugh to scorn the idea of defending a sea slope by means of a few weeds. To the average councillor of our coast towns such a notion is merely a matter for derision; yet there exist on the Statute Book of Great Britain laws for the prevention of the destruction of these sand-growing plants. They hold together our miles of sand-dunes and thus prevent inroads by the sea. Like many another silent guardian of our national interests they go unheeded and unthanked. Englishmen are apt to take what nature lavishes upon them without a thought of obligation.

A curious incident is described in the paper and illustrated in one of the plates which accompany it. A sand-dune was attacked by the sea, and as the Renesse lighthouse was thus threatened, the situation was critical. The Dutch engineer in charge had a bank of sand thrown up on the foreshore, well in advance of the sand-cliffs, in precisely the same way as a body of sappers would throw up an entrenchment. This bank of sand was plated with concrete slabbing on the Muralt system, an ingenious device by which a concrete key driven through a keyway in one slab, pegs down that slab and thus also holds the slabs surrounding it firmly in position. These plates or slabs are about 2½ inches thick. The sand embankment at Renesse with its veneer of concrete slabbing was able to resist the levelling action of the oncoming waves, and sand immediately began to pile against it in a flat slope. Under the action of the wind, blown sand also passed over the crest of the entrenchment and filled the void caused by erosion; thus, in a short space of time, by the simplest natural action, the eroded sand-dune was restored to its former contour and alignment. Then a plantation of wisps of helm grass completed the process and the lighthouse and the low-lying island in the rear of it were rendered secure.

The De Muralt system has now been introduced into England, and its simplicity and economy are so obvious that it is fast winning its way. The system is modified to suit the varying requirements of a threatened coast or river régime. For situations in which heavy seas have to be encountered, it consists of an armoured-concrete covering at the bank, firmly held in position by beams or casements also of armoured concrete, so arranged that they are not liable to be lifted by earth pressure or frost. The difficulty which has been experienced in earlier attempts of this character, namely that of the cracking of the beams, has been overcome by the adoption of asphaltic joints. This heavier type of protection is now laid with complete success on some of the most exposed sea-slopes in Holland; over £50,000 worth of work has been done in that country by the application of the system. As compared with the previous practice of massive embankments, pitched with basalt, the cost of protection has thus been reduced by

over two-thirds. The latest development of this class of design is that of a vertical wall, for parades, quays, and similar applications. The principle embodied is that of utilising earth pressure to resist earth pressure. The structure is erected in light skeleton sections and its cost is much less than the normal type. Another application of the De Mural system is for concrete mattresses, to be laid on sea beds or slopes below low water level. Often, great depths of water "lean against" the Dutch coast line, and the foreshore slopes consist of mobile sand; at low tide the pressure from within is enormous, and huge masses of the underwater toe of a sea embankment may suddenly burst away with the roar and destructive force of an earthquake. This has happened one hundred and six times in twenty years. The sea is thrown into a state of uproar and waves of ten or twelve feet are produced, a condition of things not to be wondered at, considering that the area of a "fall" is sometimes twenty acres and its depth up to a hundred feet. The immemorial Dutch practice has been what is termed *zinkstukken*, i.e., depositing mattresses made of sheaves of willow and similar plants lashed and bound together into a platform. A floating island of this class has sometimes an area of twenty-five by three hundred yards. It is anchored over the spot to be protected. Boats laden with stone are brought out and lie around it; at a given signal the stones are heaved by the boatmen on to the mattress, care being taken that they are thrown first into the centre; it thus sags and takes the ground from the centre outwards. When the entire mattress has been in this manner weighted so as to set uniformly over the sea bed, further boatloads of riprap stone are brought to the spot and pitched pell-mell over it, and the work is complete. The De Mural system substitutes concrete blocks, securely attached by iron rodding so as to form a pavement of stones five inches thick, detached and held together in the fashion of chain mail. This novel type of mattress is laid out on a wooden platform below high-tide level, a pontoon is then floated over it, wire rope attachment is made to rings in the blocks provided for that purpose, and as the tide rises, the entire fabric, forming a chess-board of distinct but linked tesserae of concrete blocks, is lifted by the buoyancy of the pontoon and then floated away to the site of the deposit. The concrete mattress is ultimately lowered by a series of winches, controlled from one centre, to the bed of the sea.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

The year is dying in a placid pool of optimism. There is nothing to excite us. We have no business, but we have no engrossing worries. Almost everybody has made money, not much, but enough to put hope into the heart of even the most impecunious punter. We believe that the year we shall call 1912 will be prosperous. Belief has a great deal to do with our modern system of finance. It is founded upon belief. Paper is only belief. Credit, which is another name for paper, is only belief. Unless we get a shock, our belief in our prosperity will increase week by week, until it culminates in a boom. We will not talk about the inevitable collapse. We know that the one follows the other, but it is not a pleasant topic. We shall surrender ourselves to the coming wave of wealth, and be happy. The year 1912 must fulfil our hopes. No one doubts it.

Money is cheap, not at the Bank of England, but in Lombard Street. The Bank will realise this in a week or two, and reduce

its rate. This will have a gradual effect upon all gilt-edged stocks, which are now too low. It will also help the speculator, who must borrow money each fortnight, and is always frightened by a high Bank Rate. We are the one free market for gold in the world, and perhaps this accounts for our fluctuating rate, but the City does not like our too rapid changes. They are disconcerting and expensive. Therefore, many remedies have been proposed. But none of them is likely to be accepted. For any remedy that destroyed the freedom of trade in the City, and unduly hampered the great banks, would injure the Empire. We want a big reserve of gold. France and Russia have these reservoirs from which they can draw. Why not England? But neither France nor Russia have our cheque system, which has taken the place of gold. The art of business is to do a large trade upon a small capital. We trade in credit on an absurdly small gold reserve. This shows that we are still the cleverest business nation in the world. We must not forget, however, that Consols are the index of our credit, and Mr. Lloyd George would do well to support the Consol market. This he can easily do by purchasing Consols and renewing his Treasury Bills. The City requires Treasury Bills. They are the food of the banker. It also wants Consols at 90. Both needs can be satisfied by an acute Chancellor.

Foreigners have not moved since I last wrote. This is not surprising, for the bourses of the world have been closed. They talk of Turkish borrowings, but these borrowings have been arranged in Berlin. London does not lend money to the Turk. The actual cash will, of course, come from Paris. The French are clever, they prefer to lend the Germans the money and take a safe four per cent. But there is a steady intrigue going on in Constantinople against these German loans, and the Ottoman Bank hopes to regain its lost prestige. The result is doubtful. Personally, I am inclined to back Germany.

Home Rails are daily approaching the dividend announcements. The accident at Willesden and the Midland disaster must affect the distribution of both companies. All railway companies have hidden reserves kept secret against the unforeseen, but they gladly add to these whenever a good excuse offers. Great Northern Deferred are cheap. Great Western Ordinary stock seems the soundest security in the Stock Exchange. Again I suggest that Caledonian, North British, and Glasgow and South-Western should be bought. Trade is improving, and the long strike in the shipbuilding trade will have kept back orders and trade like a dam. The next half-year should be prosperous both on the Clyde and in Newcastle. North-Eastern may not increase the dividend, but at present prices the stock is a secure investment.

Yankees, like the rest of the world, have been dull during the past week. But there are no disquieting signs. On the contrary, Jacob Schiff tells those who are in his confidence that he expects a rise in prices in the new year. Wall Street gamblers take short views and snatch small profits. But the big bankers are working amicably; filled with "bullish" ideas. Americans are always manipulated. Markets in Wall Street are not left to the caprice of the "bull" or the "bear." Therefore, a "tip" from one of the great banks is perhaps the safest prophecy in the world of money. There is much talk of bad trade in the United States. But the bad trade is only comparative. Business is sound, and works are moderately busy. They are not as busy as they were in the pre-boom days, but they have enough to go on with. The Steel Trust has closed down a plant, but that is not as serious as the "bears" would have us believe. Remember that the Steel Trust is a real combine, and it closes down or opens up because it can make money by doing these things. The quarterly statement will not be as bad as people imagine.

Rubber remains dull. Those who hold shares in the leading plantations will not sell, and thus the market dwindles away, because there are no shares in which to deal. Jobbers must know where to buy shares, or they will not sell. We have heard great talk about "bears" in this market. They are non-existent. The plain truth is that no one can get rid of their rubbish, and no one wants to put more money into rubber than has already been invested. Last week I enumerated which shares I thought the soundest. I cannot say more. It would be most unwise to buy into second-rate shows, and those who are tempted to buy West African, Brazilian, or even East African rubber shares must surely lose. Not a week passes but I hear from Africa of some disconcerting incident in connection with these West African properties. A certain clique believes in Ceara and East Africa, but we have yet to see how Ceara rubber trees bear after a few years of hard tapping and close planting. I am told by planters that the life of a Ceara tree is very short. Singapore does not now support the rubber market. It got scared over the forged transfers, and has, indeed, locked up far too much of its capital in rubber. Shanghai is in even worse

plight. These two wealthy cities were responsible for quite one-half the gambling that took place during the last boom. Our present dullness is therefore explained.

Oil. The Spies people did wisely to underwrite their new issue. I see that some people grumble. I cannot imagine why. We are at present watching a huge battle between Shell and Standard Oil. The fight shows no sign of cessation. The hour is not propitious for any new issue, and the Spies directors acted with great discretion. We all hope that by the time the refinery is built and the oil sold the war will have ended. Then the additional capital will earn a good dividend. To-day the prospect is black, and no one should buy oil shares.

Warings. The news of the Receivership surprised no one. Indeed, the debenture-holders had no choice. It is well known in the trade that this big house has always over-traded. The board is energetic, clever in seeking new markets, but it has always lacked a great financier. It attempted to do too much, and we see the result. The statement will be anxiously looked for. The creditors cannot be anything like so large to-day as they were two years ago, for the credit of Warings has been greatly curtailed. It is suggested that a scheme of reconstruction might give the company the capital it so urgently desires, but such a business can hardly be reconstructed and still remain master of the position. I am afraid the accounts will show a serious state of affairs.

Kaffirs seem stupid. I cannot see any rise. I am told that West Rand Consols, East Rand Estates, Geduld and various other outside shows will be put up. I shall wait and see. They are speculations pure and simple. The great mines on the Central Rand are gradually being worked out. Their lives are rapidly coming to an end. Therefore, although those who buy are buying into good concerns, the amortisation is so serious that I for one dare not advise a purchase. There is no life in the market. Therefore it is not one in which to gamble. And from an investment point of view it grows less attractive each year.

Rhodesians appear to be marking time. The leaders declare that they will make a boom. The public replies that when the boom begins they would like to take a hand. But no one cares to begin buying. Mainly this hesitation results from the knowledge that every big house has great blocks of shares to sell. But this view has two aspects. You cannot make a market without big blocks of shares and wealthy shops. Therefore, all depends upon the self-restraint of the shops. If they hold off at the outset the public might come in. Of course, they would be landed at the top. But that is what always happens. Those who get in must also not forget to get out. And those who get in should do so as soon as they see the market begin to move.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"BAAL, BEAL, AND BEL."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—I think it was Voltaire who said that in etymology vowels were of no use at all, and consonants mighty little (*les voyelles ne font rien et les consonnes font peu de chose*). Your correspondent, Mr. David Owen (THE ACADEMY, December 17), apparently thinks that historical evidence is of no more value than Voltaire thought vowels and consonants. Perhaps, however, Sir Walter Scott is not read at Brisbane, Queensland. For my part, I find it difficult to comprehend how anyone who has read Scott's note on Marmion, Canto Five, note Thirteen, can possibly hold that bell the cat can mean "throw a stone." Scott takes his narrative from Pitscottie, who was a contemporary, or all but a contemporary, of the events, and whose story is quoted in minute detail by Sir Walter. The note is too long for me to transcribe or for you to reprint, but it tells how it was Lord Gray who repeated the fable of the mice who were afraid to "bell the cat," and how Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, said he would do it—and did it, by capturing Cochran, Earl of Mar, and hanging him and his retainers at Lawder Bridge. Does Mr. Owen, or anyone else, suppose that Douglas Gray, Cochran, and the other nobles of James the Third's court talked to each other in Gaelic? Sir Walter Scott and the chronicler he quotes make them speak the Lowland Scottish dialect of English; and, on the whole, I think Pitscottie's record is to be preferred to Mr. Owen's conjecture. It may be admitted that Scottish noblemen used the Gaelic when they had to talk to Highland Gaels; but in their own councils they talked English. The obvious error into which Mr. Owen has fallen in this matter might suffice to render comment on the rest of his letter superfluous, but it may be

worth while to point out a few minor blunders. The merest smattering of Gaelic should suffice, for instance, to suggest that Campbell is much more likely to be Cam Beal, "crooked mouth," as some Gaelic scholars allege, than what Mr. Owen affirms it to be. It might be worth while to ask your correspondent to show that Camp, "field," is a Gaelic word at all, or Cat, "a stone," either. Beauchamp, Beaumont, and Belmont are undoubtedly French, and Blackheath is as undoubtedly English. Perhaps as amusing a blunder as any is the attempt to make a Gaelic compound out of the Hebrew name of the tomb in which Abraham buried Sarah. The word Machpelah means "locked," or "secured," and refers in the first instance probably to the "sealing" of the stone cover of the tomb, and, secondly, to the secure conveyance executed by Ephron the Hittite in favour of Abraham. In short, Mr. David Owen's etymology has run mad.

University Club, Dublin,

EDWARD ROBERTSON, M.A.

December 17, 1910.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have read the letter of your Australian correspondent with considerable interest, and am somewhat surprised that he should make such a mystery about the origin of words that are so well known to philologists and historians.

The words Baal, Bael, or Bel, are found in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Brittany, England, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, Phœnicia, North Africa, Sicily, Syria, Palestine, Persia from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from that sea to Persia. They are also found almost in all countries in Europe and Asia, where the weird, grand, and awful worship of Bel, with its human sacrifices, was prevalent. It was the religion of our British forefathers, when Cæsar came to Britain. In Sweden and Norway we have the names Balholm, Balby, Balbey, Baltic, Baldersby, all connected with the worship of the sun-god and human sacrifices.

In Wales there is Bala, in England Balham. Then there are the Bal place names in Brittany and Ireland. The Bible is full of references to Bal and place names beginning or ending in Bal. Among the Carthaginians we have Hannibal and Hasdrubal, in Syria we have Balbeck, and in Persia the same name under different forms.

The following place names: Balbyggan, in Ireland; Balby, in Yorkshire; Balcastle, in Stirlingshire; Balder and Baldersly, in Yorkshire; Balder and Baldersly, in Sweden; Balgriffin, in Wales; Balearic, in Spain, are all probably connected with the terrible worship of Balder and of the sun-god of our forefathers.

The worship of Baal (see Old Testament) one thousand years before the Christian era extended all over Europe and Asia, and also a portion of Africa. According to Plato, it was the religion of the people of the lost Atlantis, who were destroyed by God for their cruel, devilish, and inhuman practices.

The people of Mexico, Guatemala, Yucatan, and Peru were also worshippers of the sun-god, the centre of which cult was Atlantis, according to the traditions of the Greeks and Egyptians. This worship was not only accompanied with human sacrifices, but the most cruel and indecent rites imaginable. One Mexican emperor sacrificed 30,000 victims in order to consecrate one of his temples, erected in honour of Baal, or the Sun God. A large number of these poor wretches were flayed alive whilst their blood flowed in streams down the steps of the temple: "Truly the dark places of this world are full of wickedness," and we can fully understand the indignation of the old prophets when they spoke of the abominations connected with worship of Baal and Astoreth, the Gods of the Phœnicians, Canaanites, Assyrians, and Babylonians.

Otte, in his Scandinavian history, relates:—"They (the Scandinavians) set up images of the sun, which they represented under different forms as circles, wheels, pillars, and similar figures; and they used great kettles in their sacrifices, remains of which have been dug up in different parts of Sweden." In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, where the worship was prevalent before the introduction of Odin's manly faith, all kinds of objects and emblems connected with Baal worship are continually being found, which I am describing in a forthcoming book, entitled "Unknown Sweden, The Land of the Cimbri, Goths, and Vikings." In the Museum of Copenhagen the visitor will see many objects pertaining to Baal or Sun Worship, which have been discovered in Denmark.

In South Sweden, in Skane, the ancient Scanzia of the Romans, visited by the Phœnicians, there is a sacred lake, around which there are the villages of Balby, and Balbey, the latter containing the sacred groves and grottoes where the terrible human sacrifices to Baal were made. At Lund, in Skane, there was also a sacred grove, and probably another at Lund, in East Yorkshire; for Lund means a sacred grove.

Near Ilkley, in Yorkshire, there are the very slabs on which the victims were laid who were offered up to Baal, or the Sun God. The hollows down which the blood of the victims ran—probably into kettles—are, I am informed, still plainly discernible.

The old Bel Tane dances, which were once so common in the British Isles, are now dying out, but in Sweden, Norway, and Finland they are still very common, as are also the heathen customs in connection with the advent of Hjul (Iule) or Christmas, taken from the symbol of Baal, which was a spiked wheel, in Scandinavia Jul or Hjul.

At the present moment two young waitresses in Gothenburg are now dying in the hospital from the terrible burns they recently received whilst keeping up the old Lucia or Luss holiday, which formerly was one of the most important holidays in honour of Baal in the North. Lusi-day, which was considered the commencement of the Christmas holidays, is reckoned the shortest day of the year. In olden times this day was celebrated by all kinds of games and dances in honour of Baal. Probably human sacrifices were made in the dark Lunar, or groves, which are also spoken of by Caesar in his description of Britain. The victims on this occasion were three young women, two of whom are not expected to recover. With the introduction of Christianity, the practice of offering up human sacrifices died out in the North, but the old superstitions in connec-

tion with the worship of Baal and Balder still continue, as we can see from the fate of the above-mentioned three unfortunate young women.—Yours faithfully,

WM. BAINES STEVENS,

Hon. District Secretary, Viking Club for East Yorkshire.

"THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HEREDITY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In rejoinder to my critic's answer I must demur to his distinction of styles. Literary language is nothing but ordinary language, heightened and polished. The sciences need in addition a special language, and employ technical terms as a very useful sort of mental shorthand. I would ask the advocate of a "pure" literary style to translate all the technical terms of science into plain English words, and he will fail lamentably; much more so if he attempted to write a treatise, let us say, on physics, astronomy, or even heredity and evolution. Why, then, sneer at the "jargon of so-called science"?

As to the second point that eugenists have hitherto laid little stress on mental and moral degeneracy, this is hardly correct. What about the fundamental scheme of the eugenists at the present time to segregate the feeble-minded, the insane, etc.? These surely belong to the mentally unfit.—Yours, etc.,

S. HERBERT, M.D.

147, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester,
December 17, 1910.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, LTD.,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

Only 1 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
Branches 1 132, Kensington High Street, W.

NEW BOOKS LESS THAN HALF-PRICE.

Offered Published

	at	at
	s. d.	s. d.
CRISPI, FRANCESCO, Italian Insurgent	1 9	7 6
GRAFTON, THIRD DUKE, AUTO. AND LETTERS	3 6	18 0
HARVARD, JOHN, AND HIS TIMES	3 3	7 6 net.
STEPHEN, SIR JAMES FITZJAMES, LIFE by his brother Leslie Stephen	5 0	10 0
THIEBAULT, BARON, MEMOIRS OF, 2 Vols. trans.	7 6	28 0
YOUNG, ARTHUR, AUTO. OF, Ed. M. Betham-Edwards	4 9	12 6

Full List Free on Application.

BOOKS—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT

and RARE BOOKS on any subject SUPPLIED. The most expert bookfinder extant. Please state wants and ask for CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of exchanging any Saleable Books for others selected from my various Lists. Special List of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright St., Birmingham. Lord Leighton's Life, Work, Letters, 2 vols., 42s. for 18s. 6d.; Dewhurst Impressionist Painting, 25s. for 8s.; George Eliot's Works, 21 vols., 52s. 6d. for 35s.; Vernon Lee's 18th Century in Italy, 21s. for 9s.

TO LET: MOUNTAINTON, EALING.

The development of a style expressing a sense of greater dignity and restraint is welcome; Mountainton is one of the best examples of this school and is distinctive in the best sense of that term.

Book Bargains.

DECEMBER SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE (Post free) of

Publishers' Remainders

Books new as PUBLISHED, but offered at considerably reduced prices.

HENRY W. GLOVER, BOOKSELLER,
114 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

BOOKS, Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold, and Exchanged. Monthly Catalogues Free. Libraries purchased, catalogued, arranged, or valued.—Thomas Thorp, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. (and at Reading).

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

Now Ready! 6d. net.

The December

Book Monthly

Which has many
Interesting Features:

¶ One is a list of the best hundred Christmas Books for children, girls, boys and "grown-ups."

¶ Another is a Supplement Plate in Colours, giving a new presentation of Tiny Tim of Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

The Publishers of the "Book Monthly,"—

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.,
Stationers' Hall Court, London,

will send a specimen copy of the
December number post free for 6d.

Edward Whistler,

11, Strand, Charing Cross, London.

DIAMOND MERCHANT, :: ::
JEWELLER, & SILVERSMITH.

A large stock of New and Second-hand Diamond and Gem Jewellery, Antique and Modern Silver Plate, always on hand, at bargain prices, for cash.

Fine Pearls, Emeralds, Diamonds, and early specimens of Antique Silver Plate, wanted. High Prices given in Cash. Full Value allowed in Exchange.

Valuations made for Probate and other purposes.

GUN DEPARTMENT.

HAMMERLESS SECONDHAND GUNS,

British made. From £6 10 0.

Nitro Proof. The Cheapest Gun in the Market combined with Quality.

ALSO

HAMMERLESS EJECTORS,

By Best London Makers at Greatly Reduced Prices.

CORDITE RIFLES, .400, .500, .600 Bores.

Catalogue and Price List on Application Gratis.

Telephone No. 2033 GERRARD.

THE SPECTATOR says you

"could not do better than read this book."

THE PASSING OF THE SHEREEFIAN EMPIRE.

By ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT,

Author of "Port Arthur: The Siege and Capitulation."

Illustrated. 15s. net.

"Of particular interest to Service men are the description and analysis of the French troops engaged in the Chaouia campaign and of the Spanish force in the Riff campaign, and the well thought-out deductions drawn therefrom. Apart from its value in these directions,—and it is literally crammed with useful facts,—the book reads as thrillingly as any novel, with tenfold more interest than the ordinary run of that class of fiction."—*War Office Times*.

"It is very full and interesting work that the author has given us, and one that will probably make many readers desirous of visiting the land which he finds so exhilarating."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

"Of all books about Morocco, this one is quite the best."—*The Observer*.

"Those who remember Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's book upon the Siege of Port Arthur will welcome this new volume from so enterprising and brilliant a war correspondent."—*Daily Graphic*.

"This thoughtful, entertaining, and valuable book."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The book is an interesting study of the condition of affairs in Morocco, and as a record of adventure it makes excellent reading."—*Morning Post*.

"The writer of this most interesting and instructive volume is already favourably known to fame as the author of the best English book on the Siege of Port Arthur, and now he may be congratulated on having produced an equally pre-eminent account of recent events in Morocco."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"No book written about Morocco in recent years has shown a better grasp of facts or a sounder judgment of the forces at work in what was down to a few years ago Africa's last great independent Empire."—*The Illustrated London News*.

"One reads this really vivid book by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett much as one reads the narratives of the Conquistadores."—*The Nation*.

"An excellent book, to the great interest and variety of which it is impossible to do justice here."—*Glasgow News*.

"A valuable and fascinating volume."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

At all Booksellers' and Libraries.

